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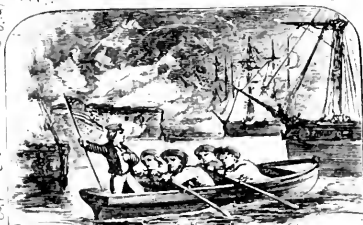
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With what pride he gazed upon the work of his hands ! Page 26.

I WILL
BE A SAILOR
BY MRS. L. C. TUTTILL



BOSTON
CROSBY & NICHOLS



I WILL BE A SAILOR.

A BOOK FOR BOYS.

BY

MRS. L. C. TUTHILL.

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I WILL BE A SAILOR.

CHAPTER I.

THE SHIP-BUILDER.

“LARRY, put away your tools, and gather up the chips. You ought to be at school by this time.”

“Why, mother, this ship is just now the most important thing in the world to me. Tom Brunt says I don’t know a studdin’-sail from a mainsail, nor a jib-boom from a bowsprit; just let me put this jib-boom on to the bowsprit, for I want to prove to him that I do know which from which.”

The mother looked admiringly at the miniature ship her boy was making, but repeated her request that he would hasten to school.

Larry, habitually obedient to the commands of his mother, gave one longing, lingering look at his ship, the pride of his heart, and then placed it in

a box with his tools. Hurriedly he gathered the bits of wood from the carpet, for he had been working in the dining-room, and then, after kissing his mother, he started off, full speed, for school.

As soon as he had left the room, a gentleman entered it, upon whom sixty years had left but few of the marks of time; for his eyes were sparkling, and only here and there gray hairs mingled with locks of raven blackness.

The gentleman held a newspaper in his hand, and, as he looked at it through his gold spectacles, he exclaimed: "Squally times! Breakers ahead, my daughter! They are disputing in Congress about State rights and Slavery, and are as violent and impudent as pickpockets. I am a citizen of the United States, born in one State, educated in another, and now a resident in this Keystone State, at home in each and all, and I have taught my grandson Larry to love his whole country. There is a disorganizing rabble in Congress, a complete nest of traitors, and I wish there was a Cromwell there, to drive them out of the Capitol and tell them, 'the Lord has no need of them.'"

"You are excited, father, and needlessly alarmed, I hope."

“No, my daughter, I am not alarmed without reason. Civil war is coming upon us.”

“Civil war! O father! don’t prophesy such dreadful evil! It cannot be!”

“It must come, for secession cannot be allowed; a nation cannot be broken up by the will of a few ambitious demagogues. You might as well behead a man and call him still a man, as to cut off any part of our country and still call it the United States. The thing is impossible, from the nature of things. Our government is a Divine institution, and must be sustained at all hazards.”

Mr. Middlefield resumed the reading of his paper, and Mrs. Lockwell, stooping to pick up some bits of wood Larry had left on the carpet, said, partly to herself: “I am too indulgent to that boy’s whims; I have made the sails and the flags to his beloved ship. Steamboats and ships occupy more of his time and thoughts than Greek and Latin.”

“And they are a thousand times more important to us just now than all the Greek and Roman classics that ever were written,” said Mr. Middlefield, warmly.

“But I would n’t have my Larry a ship-builder,” retorted the mother.

“Why not? It is an honorable and useful employment, demanding a high order of talent, nay, mathematical and mechanical genius. Think what Fulton, Stevens, and Ericsson have done for our country! God grant our boy may do as much in his day.”

“But, father, surely you would not —”

“Please don’t interrupt my reading again,” said Mr. Middlefield, with a flash of his dark eye, and a curve of his mouth, expressive of displeasure.

That dark eye had quelled opponents in Congress, and that deep voice had sounded through both halls of the Capitol. But Mr. Middlefield, disgusted with political strife, had declined a re-election, and had retired to private life, and the quiet occupation of a farmer, in beautiful Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Lockwell, his only daughter, had been a widow ever since the birth of Larry, and resided with her father. She was a graceful, quiet little woman, with not a spark of the fiery ardor of the ex-member of Congress. Traits of character, it is well known, frequently pass over one generation, to appear, intensified, in the next generation; and Larry’s temperament was like his grandfather’s,

“only more so.” This resemblance was by no means displeasing, either to the fond, gentle mother or to the warm-hearted elder relative, who delighted in calling Larry “a chip of the old block.”

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CHAPTER II.

A SEA-FIGHT.

WHEN Larry returned from school, at noon, his satchel, filled with books, was slung across his shoulder. With his dark eyes flashing and his face a glowing red, he entered the dining-room, where his grandfather and mother were already seated at table. Larry threw down his heavy satchel with real *vim*, exclaiming, "Lie there! I've done with you."

"What now?" cried Mr. Middlefield; "you look like a fighting-cock; as 'mad as a March hare.'"

"So I am. See there!" said Larry, showing his right hand, the palm of which was swollen like a puff-ball, and as red as his own burning face.

"I'll tell you what it is; I vow and declare—"

"Let us finish *our* dinner, and sit down and take your own," said the grandfather; "afterwards we will hear your story, Larry."

The mother, meantime, had started from the table, and laid a handkerchief wet with iced water upon the swollen hand.

"I don't mind the hand a bit, but I've been insulted!" shrieked Larry, drawing away the red hand from his gentle mother.

"Come, come, boy; sit down and eat your dinner," said Mr. Middlefield, soothingly.

Larry found it difficult to swallow; his anger swelled up into his throat, and almost choked him.

When Mr. Middlefield rose from table, he said: "Now, Larry, your cause of complaint, what is it?"

"I'll tell the whole,—the whole," stammered the boy.

"Know what you are going to say, and say it," interrupted the grandfather.

Larry was a sturdy fellow, tall and muscular, for a boy of twelve, with a handsome, expressive face and a pleasing address. He stood up as though about to "speak a piece," and, making a slight bow to his grandfather went on fluently: "As I was hurrying to school this morning, I met Tom Brunt. 'How comes on your ship?' says he."

"*Said* he," interrupted the grandfather.

"Well, *said* he, then" (impatiently). "'First rate,' said I; 'almost done.' 'Pooh!' said Tom; 'you never seed a ship in your life. What's a *fortobo-*

lin?’ ‘There is no such thing,’ says I. ‘There is; have n’t I had it in this hand many a time?’ says he. ‘What sort of a thing is it, that you can hold it in your hand?’ I asked. ‘You landlubbers call it a rope, we sailors call it a line,’ says he, proud as John of Gaunt, because he has been round the world as cabin-boy. I was provoked, because he called the foretopbowline by such an odd name that I did n’t know what he meant, and I said some saucy things to the sailor, as I left him. Then I ran to school as fast as I could, but I was an hour too late. The master scolded me, and I, being angry, was as saucy to him as I had been to Tom Brunt; he said not a word, but pointed to my seat. I took it, and there I sat till school was out, not being called up to recite or receiving the slightest notice. When school was dismissed, and I was about to leave with the rest, the master bawled out to me, ‘Stop, Lawrence Lockwell.’ He then beckoned to me to come to his desk. ‘Hold out your hand,’ says he. I held it out, and whack, whack, came the ruler upon it. ‘Try it again,’ says I. Whack, whack, came the ruler again. ‘If you’re not satisfied, I’ll take a few more,’ says I. By that time he was as angry as I was, and he laid

it on tremendously ; but I did n't flinch. 'Now you may go,' says he, and took up his hat and left. I packed up my books and came off, determined never to go into that school-room again. *He* knew I disapproved of corporal punishment, for my last composition was on that subject."

The grandfather smiled, but his face was flushed, and he evidently sympathized with the boy ; commanding himself, he requested Larry to be seated. Mrs. Lockwell had her hand over her eyes, and the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Larry, when does the quarter end, at your school?" gravely asked Mr. Middlefield.

"In two weeks."

"You must go back to school, and finish the quarter. Furthermore, you must beg the master's pardon."

"He ought to beg mine for insulting me by that fering. It 's a disgrace, a mortal disgrace ; I shall never get over it."

"By your own account, you committed three errors, nay, four ;—first, stopping by the way ; second, being saucy and overbearing with poor Tom Brunt ; third, being rude to the master ; fourth, being in a violent passion. Now, my boy, you

must rule that spirit of yours,—subdue it while you are young.”

Larry cast a mischievous glance at his grandfather, and murmured, “Excellent advice!”

“Enough said; now, Larry, show me your ship.”

Larry, with whom the storm of anger had completely passed, leaving bright sunshine, ran for his box, and when the cloth was removed he placed the ship upon the table.

It was really an extraordinary piece of work for a boy who had never seen a ship. It was completely finished in every part excepting the jib-boom, which he was whittling to put on to the bowsprit when his mother sent him to school that morning.

“How did you learn to make this man-of-war?” asked Mr. Middlefield, surprised to see the full-rigged ship.

“I copied it from a picture of the Constitution.”

“Ah! the old Constitution! How many hard fights she has seen, brave old ship! Commodore Hull was one of her first commanders; he passed the Constitution over to Bainbridge. By the way, I will read you a description of an engagement between the Constitution and the British frigate Java.

You know the last war with England was declared the 18th of June, 1812. I remember it well, for I was a lad about the age you now are, Larry, and I was as intensely interested in the war as you now would be if we were to have another war. Come with me to my library. Will you go with us, daughter?"

"Thank you; I cannot get up the least interest in ships and sea-fights; besides, I have another engagement."

Mr. Middlefield and Larry adjourned to the library. Larry placed his beloved ship on the library-table, and Mr. Middlefield took down from an upper shelf a volume, saying, "I will read you something written by Fenimore Cooper, whose 'Pioneer' and 'Spy' you have read."

"And 'The Pilot,' too, I 've read, and like it best of all."

Mr. Middlefield seated himself, and read out with animation the following passages.

"Hull came in with the Constitution, after performing two handsome exploits in her, and very generously consented to give her up, in order that some one else might have a chance. To this ship Bainbridge was immediately transferred, and on

board of her he hoisted his broad pennant on the 15th of September, 1812.’”

“There it is!” shouted Larry, pointing to the miniature silk flag that *did not* float, but was fastened to the mainmast of the ship. There it is, Stars and Stripes forever! Thirty-three stars: O, and another to be there when Kansas comes in.”

“Hush! Don’t interrupt me,” said the grandfather.

“‘The Essex 32, Captain Porter, and Hornet 18, Captain Lawrence, were joined to Bainbridge’s orders.’”

“The Constitution was a 44,” cried Larry.

“I shall close the book, Larry, if you interrupt me again.

“‘Bainbridge’s instructions were to cruise for the English East India trade in the South Atlantic.’

“Open that atlas to the map of South America, and look out all the places named,” said Mr. Middlefield.

“‘The Constitution and Hornet arrived off St. Salvador, on the 15th of December. There the Hornet was left, and Bainbridge steered to the southward.

“‘About 9 o’clock on the 20th, the ship then being

in 13° 6' South Latitude, and 3° 1' West Longitude, or about thirty miles from land, she made two strange sail, in shore and to windward. After a little manœuvring, one of the ships closing while the other stood in towards St. Salvador, Bainbridge was satisfied he had an enemy's frigate fairly within his reach.

“At a quarter past meridian the enemy showed English colors. Soon after, the Constitution, which had stood to the southward to draw the stranger off the land, hauled up her *mainsail*, took in her *royals*, and tacked towards the stranger. As the wind was light, and the water smooth, the Constitution kept everything aloft, ready for use, closing with her enemy with *royal yards across*.

“At 2 P. M. the stranger was about half a mile to windward of the Constitution, and showed no colors except a *jack*. Bainbridge now ordered a shot fired at him, to induce him to set an *ensign*. This order, being misunderstood, produced a whole broadside from the Constitution, when the stranger showed English colors again, and returned the fire.

“This was the commencement of a furious cannonading, both ships manœuvring to rake, and to avoid being raked.

“ ‘Very soon after the action commenced, Bainbridge was hit by a musket-ball in the hip, and a minute or two later a shot came in, and carried away the wheel, and drove a small bolt with considerable violence into his thigh. Neither injury, however, induced him even to sit down. He kept walking the *quarter deck*, and attending to the ship. The last injury was received about twenty minutes after the firing commenced, and was even of more importance (that is, more injurious) to the ship than the wound it produced was to her captain. The *wheel* was knocked into splinters, and it became necessary to steer below.

“ ‘This was a serious evil in the midst of a battle, and more particularly in an action in which there was an unusual amount of manœuvring. The English vessel, being very strongly manned, was actively handled, and sailing better than the Constitution in light winds, her efforts to rake produced a succession of evolutions, which caused both ships to wear so often that the battle terminated several miles to leeward of the point on the ocean where it commenced.

“ ‘After the action had lasted some time, Bainbridge determined to close with his enemy at every

hazard. He set his courses accordingly, and luffed up close to the wind. This brought matters to a crisis, and the Englishman, finding the Constitution's fire too heavy, attempted to run her aboard. His *jib-boom* did get foul of the American frigate's *mizzen rigging*, but the end of his *bowsprit* being shot away, and his *foremast* soon after following, the ships passed clear of each other, making a lucky escape for the assailants. The battle continued some time longer, the Constitution throwing in several effective raking broadsides, and then falling alongside of her enemy to leeward. At length, finding her adversary's guns silenced and his *ensign* down, Bainbridge boarded his tacks again, luffed up athwart the Englishman's bows, and got a position ahead and to windward, in order to repair damages; actually coming out of the battle, as he had gone into it, with *royal yards* across, and every *spar*, from the highest to the lowest, in its place!"

"Hurrah!" shouted Larry.

"The enemy presented a singular contrast. Stick after stick had been shot out of him, as it might be inch by inch, until nothing but a few stumps was left. All her masts were gone, the *foremast*

having been shot away twice, once near the *cat-harpings*, and again much nearer to the *deck*; the *maintopmast* had come down some time before the *mainmast* fell. The *bowsprit*, as has been said, was shot away at the *cap*. After receiving these damages, the enemy did not wait for a new attack, but as soon as the *Constitution* came round, with an intention to cross her *forefoot*, he lowered a *jack* which had been flying at the stump of his *mizzenmast*."

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted Larry; "an English jack lowered to the Stars and Stripes! How many guns did the Java carry?"

"She mounted forty-nine carriage-guns, and had over four hundred men on board. Of these, by the English account, one hundred and twenty-four were killed and wounded."

"And how many were killed on board the *Constitution*?" eagerly demanded Larry.

"Only nine were killed, and twenty-five wounded. But, Larry, did you understand all the names of the parts of the *Constitution*?"

"Every one, and pointed to them on my frigate as you read them. I did n't understand all the sea terms, such as 'luffing' and 'boarded his tacks,' but I'll get Tom Brunt to explain them all to me."

“What do you admire most in this action, Larry?”

“The bravery of Captain Bainbridge. Why, he did n't mind those wounds any more than I did the whacks on my hand. How it must have cheered his men to see their commander so courageous!”

“It has been said that Bainbridge disregarded his wounds until the irritation endangered his life. His last injury must have been received about half past two, and he remained actively engaged on deck until 11 o'clock at night, thus adding the irritation of eight hours of exertion to the original injuries. The consequences were some exceedingly threatening symptoms, but skillful treatment subdued them, when his recovery was rapid. The victor was not more esteemed for his courage and skill than for the high and chivalrous courtesy and liberality with which he treated his prisoners. He landed them at St. Salvador, on parole.”

“And what became of the Constitution?”

“She returned to Boston for repairs. Since then she has been commanded by very many of our best and bravest officers. There is hardly a stick of her original timber in her, so frequently has she been repaired. I hope all our countrymen will stand by the Constitution of the United

States as nobly and as firmly as the various commanders have stood by the good old ship Constitution."

Larry started up, stood erect, with a glow of fervent enthusiasm on his fine countenance, and his dark eyes glowing with the fire of his patriotic spirit, as he repeated:—

"Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast and sail and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge, and what a heat,
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock!
'T is of the wave, and not the rock!
'T is but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, — are all with thee!"

CHAPTER III.

TOM BRUNT.

LARRY, finding that he must return to school and finish the quarter, did it with the best grace he could. Meeting the master at the door of the school-house, he said, "I did wrong yesterday; I was late at school, and afterwards was saucy to you, sir. I beg your pardon."

"It is readily granted, my boy; and I have since thought I was very severe. How is your hand?"

"Lame, and swollen still; but I don't mind a trifle like that, only I can't write, nor whittle either."

"Well, let me shake your left hand, then, in token of entire reconciliation," said the master.

Larry frankly gave him the left hand, which the master took with a cordial grasp, saying, "I hope henceforth we shall both be more careful not to let anger get the control over us. Anger is like fire, a dangerous element, ever to be watched with vigilant care."

On the way home from school, Larry stopped to have a talk with Tom Brunt, whom he found sawing wood in front of a small brown cottage. Tom was a tall lad, whose eighteen summers had bronzed his complexion, and given strength to muscles and sinews. With one foot on his saw-horse and his elbow resting on his knee, he looked inquiringly at Larry, waiting to hear what he had to say. Larry seemed in quite a merry humor, for he laughed as he said, "Tom, you got me a tremendous feruling yesterday."

"How 's that?"

"I stayed disputing with you so long that the master punished me severely."

"Served you right," bluntly responded Tom.

"I suppose he did, but now I can't use my knife to finish the bowsprit to my frigate Constitution."

"Frigates are going out of fashion," said Tom. "Them plaguy steamboats have done it. There'll be no more jolly fighting, such as there used to was."

"But, Tom, it requires as much bravery to meet the enemy in a steamship as in a sailing vessel."

"Teeth and tongue! It's another affair; it's just as different as reaping with a McCormick and

swinging a scythe in your own hands. Teeth and tongue! Everything goes by steam and 'chinery in these days, and there's no fun in it. Why, they saw wood by steam; I expect we shall soon be too lazy to work our own jaws without steam."

"Tom, what makes you say, 'Teeth and tongue'?"

Tom stuck his tarpaulin hat on one side of his head, and said: "I'll tell you. When I sailed in the Shanghai, the sailors ripped out their swearing awfully, and I got into their bad ways. Teeth and tongue! I could hardly open my mouth without an oath. When I got home, it frightened my sister half out of her five senses. She told me what a sin it was, and made me say the third commandment, that my good mother, now in heaven, taught me when I was a little boy. I just remember her, for I was five year old when she died. Sister Mercy said I must break myself of swearing, and every time I said a bad word she said, 'Teeth and tongue,' till at last I catched it, and now I use it. You can't think how nice it is, — it's just as good as anything else to help a fellow out when he's in *arnest*."

"I am sorry to hear sailors are such swearers," said Larry.

“Well, they be, — officers and men all swear; it’s a part of their calling; they don’t seem to know it’s wrong.”

“O Tom, there are good men among them, — good Christian men, — especially in our navy.”

“Then, by teeth and tongue, next time I go to sea, I’ll ship in one of the men-o’-war, though I should hate to go by steam. It seems a mean way, to go by just what boils your teakettle.”

Larry laughed heartily, and slapped Tom on the shoulder, saying: “You are a good fellow, Tom; you must come up to Chestnut Hill, and see my Constitution. She’s full-rigged, and finished from stem to stern, from keel to topgallantmast.”

“The Constitution! That ’minds me of what I hearn tother day. They ’re getting up hot steam down South to blow up our government, Constitution, people, everything North, sky-high. I seed a man in Philadelphy who had just been down to Caroliny. Teeth and tongue! They are dead set agin Yankees, — hate them worse than pison, — a deal worse than they hate sin.”

“Where will they find a better country? How can they make a better Constitution? It’s like a man’s biting off his own nose to spite his face.

No, no; they will not be so silly, so short-sighted, as to cut themselves off from these glorious United States. They say, Tom, we Yankees are great brags; but we've got a country worth bragging about, though I confess I don't like bragging."

"Only when it's about *your* Constitution," said Tom, waggishly.

Larry took the home-thrust good humoredly, and replied: "You shall see her; come up to Chestnut Hill to-night, and see if she is n't all ship-shape and Bristol fashion."

Tom touched his tarpaulin, and, with thanks, said he would come.

As the boy was hurrying home, he was agitating in his mind how he should communicate to his grandfather and his mother what he feared would be unfavorably received.

"I must do it, and I will!" he exclaimed, and, as if fearful the resolution might cool, he started full run, and reached home almost out of breath, as if hotly pursuing his lately formed purpose. His mother saw him racing up the long walk leading to the front door, and hurried to meet him.

"What is the matter now?" cried Mrs. Lockwell.

"I 'm going to sea. I *will*—I *will* be a sailor: so there now!"

"Do you intend to sail in your own ship on the fish-pond?" asked the mother, with a merry laugh.

"Mother, it's no joke. I am in dead earnest. I was named after the brave Lawrence, and I mean to be as brave as he was."

"Come in, my son; we are just ready for dinner."

Larry was quite surprised to find his intention so calmly received.

"Go to your room, and cool off before you come to table," said Mrs. Lockwell. "The last notion you had was to be a ship-builder."

Lawrence came to dinner quite calm and collected, and was very silent during the meal, but, as soon as it was over, he gravely requested an interview with his grandfather in the library.

He there, in a very decided manner, announced to him that he wished to enter the navy.

Mr. Middlefield inquired whether this resolution was formed in consequence of the trouble he had had with the schoolmaster.

"By no means, grandpa! I have been thinking about it ever since you read to me the description of the fight between the Constitution and the Java;

but I was afraid mother and you would not give consent."

"We are to have stirring times. War may come on, and then you will be exposed to danger and death. You are our all, Larry. I *had* three sons; now I have none, and only one grandson; you are the only son of your mother, and she a widow."

Tears, unwonted visitants, filled the eyes of the strong man of sixty.

"But, my dear grandpa, you admire heroism and have taught me to admire it. You yourself gave me the name of Lawrence, and you have promised to tell me all about him."

"I will. Suppose you let this matter regarding your choice of a profession rest awhile. Don't tell your mother."

"I have told her already, but she did n't think I was in earnest. She turned it off with a joke; but it's no joke with me at all, at all. I am in dead earnest."

"*Living* earnest would be more correct. Take time for consideration, my boy; wait till your school-quarter is out before you mention this hasty decision again to your mother or to me."

“Excuse me, grandpa; I remember you spoke the other day of ‘a turning point’ in every man’s life, when his future career was decided; I suppose I came to that turning point when I decided to be a sailor.”

Mr. Middlefield shook his head, with a very grave expression of countenance, which seemed to indicate that he did not intend to have Larry make just this personal application of his remark, but made no other reply.

In the evening, Tom Brunt came up to the “big white house,” as he called it. Tom was dressed in his best sailor suit, and wore a bright new tarpaulin, with a “fathom of black ribbon” dangling over his left eye.

Larry exhibited his ship in his own room, where he generally kept it, and where he had passed all his leisure hours for months in bringing it to its present condition. With what pride he gazed upon the work of his hands! Yet he submitted it to the criticism of the sailor with as much hesitation as a young author would place his first book in the hands of a keen reviewer. The frigate was about a foot and a half from stem to stern, and every way proportioned to that dimension.

“Don’t say ‘teeth and tongue’ to it, Tom,” said Larry.

“Blood and thunder ! It’s first-rate ! Can’t you take her out of that block, so I can see her keel ?”

“Yes ; I had to fix her into that block to keep her steady while I was working on the upper part. I don’t know that the keel is right, for it was n’t in the picture ; it was under water.”

“Keels ginerally be,” said Tom, laughing, as Larry lifted up the ship.

Tom closed one eye as he gave the keel a knowing look, and then said, in an oracular manner, “There’s rather too much timber in her keel for the size of her hull.”

“I can whittle it down to the proper size,” said Larry, taking out his jackknife.

“No, no !” exclaimed Tom ; “now she’s painted so nicely, I wouldn’t do it. It’s but a small mistake. Sister says, ‘Let well enough alone.’ I suppose you mean to be a ship-builder, Master Larry,—a very good business ; you’ll make a deal of money by it.”

“No, Tom, I don’t expect ever to build another ship ; I intend to be a sailor.”

“You a sailor ! Teeth and tongue ! you a sailor !

Why, you 're a mammy-calf too tender for the sea !”

“What do you mean by a mammy-calf, Tom? I don't like the sound of that name.”

“Don't be offended, Master Larry; you have always been with your mother just as a calf stays by the mulley-cow till it's a big calf.”

“Anything but that! I am ready to go from my mother, and mean to go very soon. I tell you, I am going to sea, — ‘the bright blue sea.’”

“You don't know what that means; you have never seen the big ocean. When it's mad, right mad, it tosses about the ship like a bluebird's egg that you could crush with your fingers; and the awful waves come pouncing down on the deck, and dash over her, sweeping off everything loose, and many a poor sailor too. O Master Larry! I have n't told you half. You would be frightened out of your wits in a gale.”

“No, indeed I should not. I should love to see a tremendous gale. Why do *you* go to sea, Tom, if it is so dreadful?”

Tom hesitated a moment at this home-question, and then replied, “Just because I like it.”

“For the very same reason I am going. I don't

intend to sail in a merchant vessel. I want to be in the navy."

"But there's fighting to be done there, or will be before long."

"All the better, if I can fight for the Union. I should like above everything to be in an engagement. Hurrah for the Stars and Stripes!"

Tom swung his tarpaulin, and joined heartily in the "hurrah!"

"I've been home only a month," said Tom; "just long enough to get my sister all snug; everything comfortable for the winter; and now I'm going to ship again from New York. I'll try one of our new steam men-o'-war, though I do think they are as awkward on the water as a big turkey would be. They talk about their being cased in iron, too. Well, I mean to go with a temperance commander, for I'm a teetotaler."

"All the better sailor for that; water is your element," said Larry. "Tom, can you write? I know you can. Let me hear how you make out. I must go to my Latin and Greek now, and bid you good night."

"Good night, and good by," said Tom; "I go to-morrow morning early."

“Indeed! good by, then,” said Larry, grasping the rough hand of the young tar. “I’m glad our navy will have so stanch a sailor and firm a patriot as you are. Good by.”

CHAPTER IV.

THE BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD.

NOTHING more was said about going to sea by Larry till the quarter at school was ended. Larry came off finely at the school examination, receiving the first prize for mathematics and natural philosophy. The day succeeding the examination, he renewed the subject with his grandfather.

“I can give you up to my country’s service as the best gift I have to offer,” said Mr. Middlefield; “but your mother, your mother, Larry,—how can she spare you?”

“She would have to spare me to go to college, and then to study for a profession. I should not be any more with her in that case than I shall be when I am home from sea; and I shall be as safe on sea as on land.”

The grandfather was surprised to find how persistent the boy was, and could not but admire his spirit.

"You would not go to sea, Larry, without your mother's consent," suggested he.

"No indeed, grandpa; I should be very sorry to give her pain; but I might, even if I stayed at home, give her trouble. I am not all that I ought to be."

"The temptations are greater for a boy like you in the navy than in many other situations."

"Now, grandpa, I've often heard you tell about college scrapes quite as bad as any I can imagine on board ship."

"Well, well; I'll talk over the matter with your mother."

The next day Mr. Middlefield told Larry his mother had agreed to let him go to the Brooklyn Navy-Yard, and see the various vessels there, and perhaps he would change his mind, and be, after all, a ship-builder.

"Thank you, grandpa, thank you a thousand times; but why to the Brooklyn Navy-Yard?"

"Because I have an old friend there, to whom I will give you a letter of introduction."

"And who will go with me?"

"You are to go alone. A boy who talks of going to sea ought to know how to take care of himself on a land voyage."

Every preparation needed was speedily made, and Larry, with his valise in hand, skipped down the path to the gate, as joyous as a bird let loose from its cage, while his mother watched him from a window, her eyes half blinded with tears.

Larry met with no adventures by the way, and arrived safely, after two days' journey, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. He was directed to the house occupied by the officer in command of the yard. There he presented his letter of introduction.

The Commodore, to whom he handed it, was seated at a table covered with maps and papers, and was employed in writing a letter.

His full, dark eyes declared absolute rule. They might flash under excitement, but their usual expression was mild and benevolent. The broad chin and firmly closed mouth indicated promptness and decision. In person, he was not tall, but strongly built, with the air of the gentleman and the sailor blended in harmonious union. Although there was in his bearing evidence that the Commodore was accustomed to command, there was not the slightest token of arrogance or haughtiness.

Larry did not analyze the character of the officer, but it inspired immediate confidence and respect.

“Take a seat, my boy,” said the Commodore, as soon as he had looked at the signature of the letter. “Your grandfather is an old friend of mine : we were at school together.”

After he had perused Mr. Middlefield’s letter, he said, “You want to see the Navy-Yard, Master Lawrence Lockwell.”

“Yes, sir ; and I want to be a sailor,” was the quick reply.

“Your grandfather does not mention that ; he only requests that you shall have a good opportunity —”

Here the Commodore was interrupted by the entrance of an officer, whom we shall call Captain Ringbolt.

“How are you, Captain ; right glad to see you,” said the Commander of the Brooklyn Navy-Yard. “Take a seat.”

“Thank you,” said Captain Ringbolt. “Glad to see *you* alive and well.”

There was a striking contrast in the appearance of these two officers. Captain Ringbolt was rather below the middle size, but carried his well-formed person so erect, and with such an air of dignity, that he seemed taller than he really was. His mild blue

eyes, his aquiline nose, and handsome mouth formed a set of features that no one could look upon without admiration ; while his fine, soft gray hair, arranged with tasteful neatness, set off the delicate complexion to great advantage.

“ Excuse me a moment, Ringbolt, I was just copying a letter to send by the next mail. But here, boy, can you copy it for me, while I talk with Captain Ringbolt ? ”

“ With pleasure,” said Larry, taking the offered seat by the table.

“ Where are you bound, Captain Ringbolt ? ” said the Commodore.

“ I am ordered to the *Juniata*, but where I am to be sent you know as well as I. What tempts the Secretary of the Navy to despatch us, and scatter us to the ends of the earth ? Why, our vessels are in every port on the globe, I was going to say, excepting our own ports.”

“ The *Juniata* ! Orders have been received to put her in sailing trim ; she will be ready in a fortnight. We are going to have stirring times, Captain.”

“ Stirring times indeed,” replied Captain Ringbolt. “ Every fort belonging to the United States ought to be reinforced, put in complete order, and

supplied with arms and ammunition ; and it ought to be done at once, or it will be too late."

"But who is to order it?" was the reply. "The Administration, — what is it but a nest of traitors? I dread those ominous clouds at the South. Alas for our country! a wild tornado will soon sweep over it!"

By this time Larry had finished copying the letter, and handed it, with a graceful bow, to the Commodore.

"It is well done, very well done ; you write a fine, clear hand. This is Lawrence Lockwell, the grandson of the Honorable Mr. Middlefield, of Pennsylvania."

"Glad to see you, my lad ; I knew your father."

"Did you, sir, indeed!" said Larry, looking directly into the eyes of Captain Ringbolt, with that frank, bright expression so pleasing in a young person.

"And I like your name, too," said Captain Ringbolt ; "I made my first cruise with Captain Lawrence, and was on board the Chesapeake when he uttered those memorable words, 'Don't give up the ship!' He was as brave a man as ever sailed on salt water."

“Are you going on board the *Juniata*, Captain?” inquired the Commodore.

“It is my intention; and, as you seem to be engaged, I’ll leave you now.”

“Come back and dine with me, and you too, Master Lawrence”; and the Commander added, “Please take this young gentleman with you; he wants to look about the yard, and means to be a sailor. He is land-bred, and, I suppose, don’t know a halyard from a hand-spike, begging his pardon.”

Larry smiled at this comment upon his supposed ignorance, and thought lovingly of his own little frigate.

Captain Ringbolt found his young companion very inquisitive, but wisely so; the questions Larry asked showed so much previous knowledge of nautical terms, that the Captain was quite surprised, and gave him the information he required with pleasure.

After going over the frigate with him, the Captain showed him about the Navy-Yard, the big guns, the pyramids of cannon-balls, and various other objects of interest, while Larry manifested such intense enthusiasm, and responded so warmly to Captain Ringbolt’s patriotic conversation, that the gallant officer

was prepossessed in his favor, and inquired when and how he was going to sea, and suggested that of course he meant to go into the navy.

Larry said such was his wish, if he could obtain the consent of his mother and his grandfather.

"I expect to sail in a fortnight from this time," said the Captain. "How would you like to make your first cruise with me, as my clerk?"

Larry was quite startled by this unexpected proposal, but he replied, promptly, "I should like it right well, sir."

"Could you go home, get ready, and return by that time?"

"Yes, sir, and sooner, if necessary. Will you please write to my grandfather, and ask him to let me go with you."

"I will do so after consulting my friend the Commodore of the yard. I am rather quick, and perhaps hasty, in my decisions, and sometimes need his cooler judgment. We will learn what he thinks of the proposal."

This was a damper to Larry's ardor; he thought the decision was already made.

The two officers consulted together about the matter, and the conclusion was that Captain Ringbolt

should write to Mr. Middlefield, and the Commodore would do the same.

After dinner, the two officers, with Larry, adjourned to the Commodore's office, and wrote the letters.

"These must go by this evening's mail," said Captain Ringbolt.

"I'll take them myself, if you please," said Larry.

"To the post-office?" asked Captain Ringbolt.

"No, sir, I'll take them home with me; they will reach grandpa by me just as soon as by mail, for I shall go by the mail train."

"I judge by the date of your grandfather's letter that you came directly from home, and did not stop at all in New York or Philadelphia. Probably you would prefer to stay a few days in the city, if you have never been in New York before," said the Commodore.

"It is my first visit, but I can't stop now, when I have so important an object in view. If you will excuse me, I will leave immediately, for fear I should miss the evening train."

"I am sorry to part with you so soon, but I like your promptness," said the Commodore.

"And so do I," said the Captain, as he grasped the hand of Larry, and bade him "good by."

“There ’s pluck,” said the Commodore, as soon as Larry was out of hearing.

“He is the right stuff to make a first-rate sailor,” replied Captain Ringbolt.

CHAPTER V.

ASKING CONSENT.

As swiftly as the train could carry him, but not swift enough for his impatience, was Larry conveyed home.

After reading the letters of the two officers, Mr. Middlefield's mind was made up in Larry's favor. The difficulty now was to induce the mother to give her consent to part with her son. At first she could answer to the proposition only with tears.

"My daughter, we ought not to complain that the All-wise Disposer has bestowed different gifts upon different individuals. Some have talents for one thing, and some for another. This is a self-evident proposition. Now to the application. Here is our Larry, possessing all those gifts and qualities that would fit him for a naval officer, and, moreover, he has an enthusiastic desire to serve his country. You love your country, and would be willing to make almost any sacrifice for her good. Now what better,

what greater, sacrifice could you make than to give up Larry to her service? The way is providentially opened for him, — a way the most eligible you could desire. Captain Ringbolt is a perfect gentleman, and an excellent officer; one who has seen a great deal of service, and commands a fine vessel. Larry will have an opportunity to see foreign countries, — a great advantage to a boy with his quick observation. Could he go under more favorable auspices?"

Mrs. Lockwell still made no reply.

"If you cross the boy in this matter," continued Mr. Middlefield, earnestly, "it may prove a serious injury to him."

"Do you think so, father? Alas! alas! what can I do?"

"If you refuse this favorable offer he may run away, and go to sea before the mast; boys have done such things, as you well know. Besides, he may try the experiment, and not like the ocean as well as he now thinks he shall. It may prove only a boyish fancy, though I doubt it, for he seems to start with the right motives."

The mother at last sobbed out her consent. It was like tearing away her heart-strings.

She now employed herself in making the needful preparations for his voyage.

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Larry amused himself meantime in constructing his own sea-chest, and arranging it with as many partitions and odd nooks as could be found in the most complicated patent travelling-trunk.

At the end of ten days, he was all ready for departure.

It was Larry's last hour at home. Mrs. Lockwell led him to her own room, and to the very spot where he, as a little child, had knelt at her knee to say his prayers, morning and evening.

Once more they knelt together. The mother prayed fervently that her boy might be kept from danger and death, but, above all, from sin and its fearful consequences. She commended him to the care and guidance of her God and Saviour, and ended with the Lord's Prayer, in which Larry joined as well as his trembling voice and his tears would permit.

When he rose from his knees, he threw his arms around his mother's neck, and kissed her again and again. She held him close to her aching heart.

"Here, my son, is your spiritual chart and compass," said she, giving him a beautiful little Bible, in which she had marked several passages, particularly applicable to one who had not yet commenced the

Christian life. "Read some part of this blessed book every day, with faith in its holy teachings. Make Christ your friend, and then, though we meet not again on earth, we shall meet in that better world where partings shall be no more."

The grandfather now called Larry, saying the carriage was at the door. Larry tore himself from the arms of his mother, and was hurried away to the railroad station. There he bade "Farewell" to his grandfather.

Swiftly as the "lightning train" dashed over the railway, it was not swift enough for Larry, so great was his fear that the Juniata might have sailed without him. But he arrived in time, and hastened over to Brooklyn.

It was the first day of November, a dreary day, but such was the glowing enthusiasm of the boy that it was to him like a bright day in June.

CHAPTER VI.

OLD OCEAN.

THE Captain's cabin was luxuriously furnished. The chairs, sofas, and tables were of carved oak, and so was the panelling, in which were several bright mirrors. The covering of the chairs and sofas was a gay brocatelle. Suspended around the cabin were several fine engravings, and two beautiful landscapes in oil representing scenes on the Hudson River, as though the sailor did not mean to lose sight of his native land, wherever he might be.

Larry, on his arrival on board the *Juniata*, went directly to this cabin, and there was Captain Ringbolt seated by the centre-table, over which hung a bronze chandelier. However cheerful the cabin might otherwise have been to the Captain, it certainly became more so when the bright, high-spirited boy entered, and saluted his commander with a most respectful bow. It was like a beautiful beam of sunlight glinting into that partially darkened apartment.

“Glad to see you, Larry,” said Captain Ringbolt. “You are to be in my cabin generally, but you mess elsewhere, excepting when I invite you to my table which, if you behave yourself, will be pretty often.”

“Thank you, sir, I hope to do my duty,” was the prompt reply.

“You know I have neither son nor daughter, but I can imagine what it must be for your mother and grandfather to part with you.”

Larry’s lip quivered, and his dark eye glittered with an unshed tear.

“You are my clerk, Larry, just as a son would be if I had one, and I hope you will confide in me as if I were your father. Come, dash away that tear, and go on deck ; we shall soon be off.”

Glad was Larry that the *Juniata* was a frigate much after the fashion of his beloved *Constitution*, with modern improvements.

A pilot sprang from the wharf to the quarter-deck of the *Juniata*, and cried, “Are you all ready ?”

“All ready, sir,” was the reply of the officer on deck.

The command was then given, “Stand by the head braces ! Cast off your head fast, and stand by

“aft there, to let go that stern-line! Let go! Man the topsail halyards. Run ’em up, boys! run ’em up!”

Larry was quite delighted to find himself perfectly familiar with the names of sails, yards, lines, &c., and excited by the noise and hurry of departure.

“Haul over that starboard sheet!”

“What’s the matter? What’s fast there? Starboard the helm! Starboard!” shouted the pilot.

“What holds her? Is there anything foul aft there?”

“Look at that stern-line. Heave it off the timber-head!”

“It’s foul ashore,” cried a sailor.

“Cut it! cut it! never mind the hawser!”

The sailor drew his sheath-knife across the big hawser, and it parted. The *Juniata* was free, the sails were set and trimmed to the breeze, and soon the *Juniata* was moving majestically down the harbor.

Larry stood upon the quarter-deck near the Captain.

“What a magnificent harbor!” exclaimed Captain Ringbolt. This bay beats the bay of Naples, boy. Strange I have forgotten your name at this moment: I always forget names.”

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“Lawrence, if you please, sir. I was named after the brave Captain Lawrence, but I am called Larry at home.”

That word “home” still called a tear to the eye of the boy, but he brushed it quickly away.

“A glorious name! Ever remember, boy, his dying words, ‘Don’t give up the ship!’ They ring in my ears at this moment, as they did when I heard them from the lips of the dying hero.”

On, on went the Juniata, sending the dashing waves before her in sparkling spray.

Strange to say, Larry was not sea-sick. Not so with the Captain himself. For twenty-four hours after sailing, he said he always felt “rather qualmish.”

As he lay on a sofa the second day out, he said to Larry, “Do you think you could write from dictation.”

“I can try; though I may not make out very well, as it seems a rather rough place to write in.”

“I always keep a journal for my good wife, and I must begin to-day.”

Writing materials were on the table.

“All ready?” said the Captain.

“All ready, sir.”

The Captain begun his dictation.

"MY DEAR WIFE: Again on the water, and too top-heavy to hold a pen. My new clerk takes to the water like a duck; he is no chicken. The right sort for me."

"Thank you, sir," said Larry, laughing at this odd beginning.

The Captain went on with the dictation for about an hour; then he said, "It's getting rough; how she pitches! don't you feel it, boy?"

"I do; it is fine. I hardly realized before that I was on the great ocean, and out of sight of land."

"Fine! don't you hear the wind? We are going to have a gale. Put up everything snug in the writing-desk. I hope everything is as snug in the Junata. The officer on deck is a capital sailor. You may go up, but don't be frightened."

The gale increased. The waves came leaping like living mountains, and sent the dashing waters over the deck. Larry lashed himself to the bulwarks of the quarter-deck. The gale every moment became more fierce. The frigate seemed contending like a pygmy with a giant, as she went up over the waves, trembling and quivering as the foaming waters rushed

over her from stem to stern. Then down again she went into the trough, only to climb up the next huge, threatening wave.

“We must put her in stays,” said the sailing-master to an old tar.

“Stays!” thought Larry; “what can that mean?”

Through a speaking-trumpet came a distinct cry, “All ready!”

Silence throughout the ship signifying “All ready.”

“Hard a-lee!”

The bows swept round.

“Foresheet, there!”

“Tacks and sheets.”

“Maintop-sail haul!”

“Let go and haul!”

“Haul taut the weather-brace.”

“Aft the main-sheet! All right!”

The gale continued. The night was dark as pitch, — not a star to be seen. A driving sleet came sweeping over. Soon decks were slippery, and lines stiff with ice. The main-topsail must keep the ship steady.

All at once came the cry, “Main-topsail gone!”

The ship is laid-to, and must wait till morning to repair the damage.

Completely drenched and shivering with cold, Larry, with the aid of one of the sailors, made his way over the icy deck, and took refuge below. In spite of the heavy tread of the men on deck, the howling of the wind, the shrieking timbers, and the battling waves, Larry was soon as soundly asleep as an infant in its cradle. As soon as it was daylight he went upon deck. The storm had abated, but the vessel was pitching violently. Men were ordered to the main-top, with the main-topsails. What was Larry's astonishment to see Tom Brunt climbing up the shrouds like a squirrel, till he was almost out of sight. Larry was right glad to find his old friend on board the Juniata.

A small line was wanted aloft by the sailors, who were repairing the damage.

"Here, boy, take this line (a small coil of rope) up to the main-top."

This was addressed to a young sailor, a cabin-boy.

"I am afraid, sir," said the boy, whimpering.

"Let me take it," said Larry.

"But you've never been up."

"Yes, I have, three or four times, when I first came on board at Brooklyn, and once since."

"Then up with you!"

Larry swung the coil of line on his left arm, and, in spite of the pitching of the ship, made his way to the fore-top.

"Hurrah! teeth and tongue! Bully for you!" shouted Tom Brunt, while the other sailors looked on with admiration.

"A first-rate sailor that boy will make," said a lieutenant. "Captain Ringbolt tells me he shall get him a midshipman's warrant one of these days."

As Larry was coming from his elevated position, he cast his eyes below, and began to feel quite dizzy.

"Look aloft!" shouted Tom Brunt.

Larry did so, and was safe.

In many a storm and many a fight Larry remembered the cry, "Look aloft!" He looked to God for aid and support.

"Up with the starry sign,
The red stripes and the white!
Where'er its glories shine,
In peace or in the fight,

We own its high command;
For the flag our fathers gave
O'er our children's head shall wave,
And their children's children's grave:
God for our native land!" *

* Rev. G. W. Bethune.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

THE *Juniata* was ordered to the Mediterranean, and the first port she reached was Spezzia. Among the various foreign vessels there, it was delightful to Larry to discover several United States flags. Nothing, not even the sound of a bell, so stirs the heart of a wanderer from home as the flag of the Union. Its stars seem clearer to him than all the stars that glitter in the heavens. During the voyage Captain Ringbolt had taken pleasure in preparing Larry for the navy, by teaching him what he would otherwise have learned in the Naval School.

One morning, soon after their arrival at Spezzia, Larry found the Captain in a gloomy mood. Larry was at the table writing: the Captain sat opposite to him.

"Larry," said the Captain, in a voice so sad and solemn that Larry started from his seat, and threw down his pen, exclaiming, "What is it, sir?"

"A fearful blow has been struck against our beloved country. Blood will follow. South Carolina has seceded from the Union!"

"I don't understand you, sir."

"That is not strange, for secession is an impossibility, from the very nature of our Union. We are one nation. Well do I remember the wise saying of one of South Carolina's patriots: 'Let us consider all attempts to weaken this Union, by maintaining that each State is separately and individually independent, as a political heresy, which can never benefit us, and may bring on the most serious distresses.' The distress has come, and here are some of our best ships cooped up in the Mediterranean, for no other purpose than to keep us out of the way. When the new President comes into office, and we get a new Secretary of the Navy, we shall be recalled."

"I thought, sir, you were a South Carolinian," said Larry.

"I disown the rebellious State. I am a citizen of the United States of America. Under the flag of my country have I sailed ever since I was a boy of your age; and do you think I know any difference between North and South, East and West, only as

the wind sets towards one quarter or the other, or the compass points to them? No, my boy; I go for the Union and the Constitution as long as the breath of life is in me."

"And what will be done with these Carolina traitors?"

"More fools and madmen will follow them in rebellion. Better for our country if the leaders were hung up as high as Haman, that old traitor."

"And what will now be done?" eagerly asked Larry.

"I will answer you in the words of Jefferson: 'When two parties make a compact, there results to each the power of *compelling* the other to execute it.' We have got to use compulsion with this rebel State, and I wish the Juniata were now in Charleston harbor. O if we only had Jackson to order the ring-leaders to be strung up, as he did Arbuthnot and Ambrister. Hanging is the only remedy just now to prevent the evil from spreading."

"How long do you suppose we shall have to stay here, sir?" eagerly asked Larry.

"I must wait for orders; but we will cruise about, and, if possible, I'll give you an opportunity to see Rome."

"I shall be very glad to see Rome," said Larry; "but just now I would rather see New York."

"That's right. You have the true Yankee spirit."

"I glory in the name of Yankee," cried Larry.

"All the world has learned to respect it. I will never sail under another flag than such a one as now floats on the Juniata. Not a star less, not a stripe less: more stars there may be on our flag, but never, never less, — God help us, never less than thirty-three!"

A fearful excitement prevailed among the officers and crew of the Juniata. They swore against the President, but curses londest and deepest were heaped upon the Secretary of the Navy, who had sent them to the Mediterranean, seemingly for no purpose but to get them out of the way.

On one occasion Larry was mingling with some of the midshipmen, and, under the excitement of the occasion, was as profane as the worst of them. Tom Brunt happened to be within hearing of Larry, and was shocked at the oaths that poured volubly from the lips of the Captain's clerk.

The first opportunity Tom had for a talk with

Larry, he said to him that he was sorry to find he had fallen into the bad habit of swearing.

“Master Larry, how would you like to have your good mother hear you take God’s name in vain?” asked Tom, seriously.

“Not at all,” replied Larry; “but, Tom, I can’t say ‘teeth and tongue,’ as you do, for I should be ridiculed by every officer on board.”

“So was I laughed at and tormented by my mess-mates, but I did n’t mind it. They mocked me, and said ‘teeth and tongue,’ till finally some of them use it instead of worse words. I have left it off, and find I can do very well without either. Master Larry, when you first came aboard, you showed me the pretty Bible your mother gave you. I hope you read it.”

Larry’s face crimsoned with shame, but he was honest and truthful in his reply.

“I am sorry to say, Tom, that I have n’t looked into it for a month or more.”

“And what if you should die before you see her again, would it be a pleasant thought to you that you had learned to swear, and had forgotten her good advice? Excuse me, Master Larry, but raily now it makes my very heart ache to think what

sorrow you are bringing on your good mother, and what certain destruction to your own soul."

Tom was called away, leaving Larry to his own reflections, and they were far from agreeable. He remembered his mother's prayer; every word of it seemed to come to him in letters of fire, burning into his soul. His conscience was thoroughly awakened. Was he then going to destruction? Was there no hope for him? He went to his chest, knelt before it, and took out the neglected Bible. On opening it, one marked passage met his eye: "God be merciful to me a sinner."

Larry dropped his head upon his sea-chest, and the prayer came from the depth of his heart, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

To no mortal eye was the change in Larry immediately evident, but to the All-seeing Eye there was a change, and the good resolutions then and there formed were sustained and strengthened by God's Holy Spirit.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOME.

THE Captain paced his cabin with rapid strides. "State after State secedes, Larry," said Captain Ringbolt. "I have this day received files of newspapers from America. Abraham Lincoln of Illinois is President of the United States, and Jefferson Davis President of the so-called Southern Confederacy."

The Captain walked to and fro in his cabin like a caged tiger.

"Shall we be ordered home soon?" asked Larry.

"Home! I have no longer a home. Dishonored, disgraced! Scorned we shall be by the whole civilized world. A government the best that existed on earth, where every citizen was protected by a Constitution made by the wisest of statesmen, — a government so mild, and yet so strong, that it was, like the air we breathe, almost unperceived, — such a nation as ours to be rent in pieces by these abominable traitors! Larry, my boy, we've got to fight for our country, or we shall have no country at all."

"I am ready," said Larry, drawing his stout little person up to its full height, and looking the very impersonation of courage. The Captain smiled, slapped him on the back, and continued: "There is one name we of the navy must ever remember with honor, — John A. Dix, now Secretary Dix, who sent a despatch to Hemphill Jones, 'Shoot on the spot any one who attempts to haul down the American flag.'"

"Hurrah for Dix!" shouted Larry.

"Shame, everlasting shame, to the commanders of vessels who have surrendered themselves and their vessels to this sham Confederacy! Some of them were my old comrades. My advices are as late as February first; the whole country is in a ferment, as violent as the sea in a hurricane, and nobody at the helm of state but a weak, irresolute, vacillating old politician, who never was a statesman. I have half a mind to sail without orders. But no; on second thought, now is the time when orders should be obeyed; we must stand by the government. This administration does not last a month longer."

Before the end of that memorable month the Juniota was ordered home, and great was the joy of all on board at the welcome order.

The voyage was prosperous, and the Juniata reached Sandy Hook on the morning of the 15th of April, 1861. It was Larry's thirteenth birthday.

The pilot who came on board at the Hook brought the startling news of the attack upon Fort Sumter on the 12th, and its surrender to the rebels on the 13th. Captain Ringbolt read out, among other extracts from the "New York Times," the following passage:—

"The attack upon Fort Sumter and its surrender, instead of depressing, fires and animates all patriotic hearts. One deep, strong, overpowering sentiment now sweeps over the whole community,—a sentiment of *determined, devoted, active loyalty*. The day for the toleration of treason—treason to the Constitution, defiance to the laws we have made—has gone by."

The consternation and excitement on board the Juniata was absolutely terrific, — a whirlwind of intense, passionate emotion. Never did the stars and stripes floating above them seem half as precious or half as defiant.

Captain Ringbolt summoned to his cabin all the officers of the Juniata, and offered strong resolutions

to sustain the Constitution and Government of the United States.

Every officer but *one* signed these resolutions; he slunk away, looking, Tom Brunt said, when he saw him on deck, "like a dog who had been beaten for stealing beefsteak from a gridiron."

"Come, boy, you may put your name to these resolutions, for you deserve to be an officer, and no man aboard is a truer patriot," said the Captain, placing a pen in Larry's hand.

With much pride, and in as bold a handwriting as that of John Hancock on the Declaration of Independence, he wrote, "Lawrence Lockwell."

Captain Ringbolt, as soon as he landed, hastened to the Navy-Yard, taking Larry with him. There they met the Commodore, still in command of the yard. The meeting between these two devoted lovers of their country, attached as they both were to the navy, was so touching that Larry was obliged to hide his face behind his cap. He need not have been ashamed of the tears that he thus attempted to conceal.

After some animated conversation on the fearful state of the country, the Commodore inquired of Larry how he liked the sea and the service.

Larry replied: "I like them, even better than I expected. I hope never to leave the navy till I am too old to be of service to my country."

"You will sail with me again," said Captain Ringbolt. "I find orders waiting here for me to take command of the Cherokee."

"Ready to sail in two weeks," cried the Commodore, in his usual prompt way.

"It was my intention to procure you a midshipman's warrant, Larry, but you will go again with me as my clerk. Can you go home and return in time to report yourself on board the Cherokee two weeks from this time?"

"I can, sir. I have only one favor to ask."

"And what is that?"

"That Tom Brunt, a sailor on board the Juniata, may be in the Cherokee. He is one of the best sailors, and the best fellow I know. He is a temperance man, and as loyal as yourself, sir."

"I will speak to the sailing-master to see that he ships on board the Cherokee."

"Thank you, sir."

Captain Ringbolt placed a number of gold pieces in Larry's hand, and bade him "Good by." The Commodore sent friendly messages to Mr. Middle-

field, and, laying his hand on the boy's shoulder, said, "Your recommendation of Tom Brint, the temperance man, tells a good story for you. Many a fair ship has gone to the bottom because the sailors were not temperance men."

CHAPTER IX.

OUR ENGLISH COUSIN.

LARRY remained in New York but a single day. It was a day of intense excitement. Major Anderson, from Fort Sumter, was received on that memorable day by the people of New York, with fiery enthusiasm.

The Stars and Stripes were floating from private dwellings, warehouses, and churches, and were cheered by the assembled crowds as they had never been before.

The enthusiasm of Larry was raised to the highest pitch, when the glorious Massachusetts Sixth Regiment marched through the city on its way to Washington.

“The country is in danger!
But swift the answer comes,
With the hum of many voices,
And the distant beat of drums;
Ere the proclamation’s echo
Has died along her shore,

The Bay State men are ready
To march to Baltimore.

“ They come with steady faces,
With hearts both warm and stern,
Wherein the old patriot fires
Have never ceased to burn;
And the women said, ‘ God speed you !
We give you up this day,’ —
And wiped the bitter tear-drops,
And remained at home to pray.

“ See the plough left in the furrow,
As by Putnam long ago !
And the hammer on the anvil
Deals out no ringing blow ;
And the mountain streamlets murmur
To many an idle mill,
And the women all are praying,
In the valley, on the hill.

“ To Baltimore ! false city !
They that founded her were true ;
But this perjured generation
Found other work to do.
The blood of Massachusetts
Hath dignified the street,
Which should else bear down in story
But the marks of traitor’s feet.

“ And now, O lift them gently !
And tenderly bear home,

Till within the loved old Bay State
Her martyred sons have come.
Ye Boston men uncover,
As the conquerors pass by!
Grand and silent is their triumph,
Who for Liberty can die.

“Now out with all the bunting,
The red and white and blue,
And show the eyes of nations
What freedom’s wind can do:
Show the strength of a Republic
Before the pride of kings;
And in this stormy weather
Let the Eagle try her wings.

“The flagstaffs will not sunder,
Though they *sway and creak and bend*;
They will stand up all the straighter,
When the blast is at an end.
Up! up! with every banner,
From ridgepole and from height!
God for our native country,
The Lord defend the right!”

Larry followed the Massachusetts Sixth in the next train but one to Philadelphia. The news of the Baltimore riot had reached the city of brotherly love by telegraph, and the streets were swarming with a maddened crowd. Scarcely could the boy

make his way through the tumultuous throngs to the Pennsylvania Railroad.

"Oh! if I were only a man," thought he, "I would be the standard-bearer for the very next regiment that goes to the defence of our Washington."

The train rushed over the railway, and soon Larry reached Lancaster. His grandfather's place was not many miles from that city. A carriage in waiting soon brought Larry to Chestnut Hill.

Already the lawn in front of the house was carpeted with bright green, and the trees were throwing out their buds and blossoms.

As he was hurrying up the strait path leading to the house, he heard a cry, "Hulloa! shipmate!" Looking up to a tall chestnut-tree not far distant, he spied something blue; what it was he could not imagine. Surely no bird was ever of that size. "Welcome home!" again sounded out a shrill cry from the top of the tree.

By this time mother and grandfather were at the door, and Larry hastened to receive their cordial greeting.

"What is that yonder in the big chestnut-tree?" asked Larry.

"Our blue bird," replied Mr. Middlefield, laugh-

ing, "or, in other words, our English cousin. But come in; where's your luggage?"

"Only the valise I have in hand; I left my sea-chest to come by the canal. It's heavy with lots of pretty things from Italy."

Larry's curiosity was soon gratified.

Blanche Mowbray was a cousin of Mrs. Lockwell. Their mothers were sisters. The younger sister of Mr. Middlefield married an Englishman, and went to England, where she had passed the remainder of her life. Blanche was left an orphan, and Mrs. Lockwell had asked to have her sent to her, — a request which met with a ready compliance.

Blanche had, meantime, come down from her elevated position, and entered the parlor, where Larry was seated between his mother and grandfather, each holding a hand of the beloved sailor-boy.

The long, light hair of the English girl had been blown by the wind into wild confusion; her plump cheeks might well be called "cherry-cheeks," so deep was their hue. Her dark-blue eyes were fairly dancing with the joyousness of healthy, hoydenish girlhood.

"Your cousin, Blanche Mowbray, Larry," said Mr. Middlefield rising and bowing, as he thus presented his niece to his grandson.

“Your mamma’s cousin, only your second cousin ; but I am your elder and superior in height,” said Blanche, pretending to look down upon Larry, with a merry laugh.

“My elder and superior, welcome to Chestnut Hill, and to the very tip-top of the chestnut-trees.” So saying, he offered his hand for a friendly shake. But to his surprise, Blanche put both hands behind her, saying, with real or affected contempt, “I don’t acknowledge Yankee sailors for cousins.”

Larry, who had seen few specimens of girlhood, and had been accustomed to the gentleness and quiet dignity of his mother, did not know what to make of this remarkable specimen. He muttered, half audibly, “She’s a real John Bull.”

“My dear, go and put yourself in order for dinner,” said Mrs. Lockwell to Blanche.

The girl left the room with a hop, skip, and jump, strongly resembling that of a young calf.

“Is n’t she too funny for anything!” exclaimed Larry, throwing himself into a chair, and bursting into a ringing laugh.

“She has been much neglected,” remarked Mrs. Lockwell, mildly.

“What a tall, awkward thing she is !” continued

Larry, who did not like the idea of being looked down upon by a girl. "Is she really older than I am?" he asked.

"Only one month older, and very tall of her age," replied his grandfather, and added, "Go and change your dress, Larry, for dinner. Doff your sailor rig."

"I have n't another suit with me, sir, and I must have outgrown all I left at home. But I'll go and make my toilet as well as I can."

At the dinner-table Larry gave an account of his adventures on the journey home. He described in glowing colors the appearance of the Massachusetts regiment as it marched through Broadway, and his fine eyes flashed with indignation as he spoke of its reception by the Baltimore mob.

"Served them right," muttered Blanche.

Larry was too indignant to speak a word in reply.

"Blanche," said Mr. Middlefield, sternly, "it does not become you to speak your English sentiments here, where we are all attached to our excellent government. You understand and feel the sentiment of loyalty to your Queen: why cannot you understand and admire our loyalty to the government and Constitution of our native country?"

"I can't understand why those Southern people have n't a right to a country of their own."

"You can understand why the Irish and the Scotch can't have a country of their own; they belong to Great Britain. Suppose Ireland or Scotland were in rebellion against the government, would not the English put them down, — fight bravely for their rights?"

"To be sure they would," proudly replied Blanche.

"Yes, indeed; let Ireland attempt to secede, and English cannon and English bayonets would soon teach her that secession was high treason," said Mr. Middlefield, warmly.

"Yes, but you know the Irish are savage boors, and so, I suppose, are the Northern people; and the English and Southerners are gentlemen."

"Who taught you that false notion, Blanche?"

"My uncle Mowbray; he is descended from a noble family, but has lost his estates, and is now too poor to live in England. When he went to the Continent, he sent me over here."

"To despise your American relations," blurted out Larry, indignantly.

"Come, come, children, don't quarrel the very

first day of your acquaintance," said Mrs. Lockwell, gently ; " we will change the subject ; Larry, tell us what you saw in Italy."

" Another time, mother dear, I am too much agitated just now to speak calmly of anything."

The remainder of the dinner passed off quietly, till Mr. Middlefield filled his wine-glass and that of Blanche, and placed the decanter before Larry.

" Come, Blanche, we will make peace with you : here's to the Queen of England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, &c., &c. Larry, you don't fill your glass."

" No, sir."

" He's a muff. Well, Uncle Middlefield, *we* will drink the health of Victoria, — God bless the Queen!" So saying, Blanche emptied her glass.

" Now, Larry, fill your glass. We will have the Union and the Constitution."

" Excuse me, sir ; I don't take wine," said Larry.

" Not take wine ! How is that ?" exclaimed Mr. Middlefield, much surprised, and not altogether pleased.

" Because, grandpa, I was exposed to so much temptation among the officers of our ship, and especially when on shore, that there was no other

way to avoid being occasionally drunk (which I am sorry to say did happen to me more than once) than to give up all intoxicating drinks. I followed Tom Brunt's example in this as in other things. Mother dear, you don't how much you are indebted to that noble fellow. He was the very best sailor on board the Juniata."

"It's well enough for him to give up grog," said Mr. Middlefield; "but as a gentleman, and a gentleman's son, it seems strange that you should not drink wine. Have you signed a temperance pledge?"

"I have not with my hand, but I have with my heart and conscience. Why, sir, one of the most generous-hearted men in our ship has fallen into such habits of intemperance that he is not fit for the service. He has ruined himself, and must either resign or be dismissed. I found there was no other safety for me but teetotalism, for I really like wine exceedingly."

"You are my brave son, my own noble Larry!" exclaimed the mother, with tears of joy rolling over her cheeks. "The greatest conquest you could make is a conquest over yourself."

"Teetotalism! A real Yankee notion!" cried Blanche, laughing scornfully. I have seen gentle-

men at my uncle's table so drunk they could not speak, even before the ladies left the table, and nobody thought the worse of them for that."

"I am glad, then, that I am not an English gentleman; a drunken gentleman is no better for the time being than a drunken beggar," exclaimed Larry, indignantly.

"I see we shall never agree in anything," said Blanche. "You out-Yankee all the specimens I have seen on the stage."

"I shall hope to convince you of some of your errors, even during the short time that I remain at home. You never will make me despise the name of Yankee. In time, you will honor it."

"Never, never!" interrupted Blanche, with her red lips pouting and her eyes darting a fierce glance at Larry. "I heard, before I came to this horrid country, that the men were half savage, and the women white squaws."

Poor and dependent upon her uncle for the shelter of his hospitable roof, the English prejudices of Blanche were continually obtruding themselves upon her kind relations. Mr. Middlefield, out of pity, had so far borne with the young girl's contemptuous speeches, and so had the gentle Mrs. Lockwell; but this was too much.

“Blanche Mowbray! do you know where you are? Do you know who you are? Your mother was a Yankee, — a Boston Yankee, — and a fairer, more beautiful woman never crossed the ocean. The greatest crime she ever committed was marrying an Englishman, who has taught his daughter to despise her own kith and kin. Let me hear no more from you on this subject. I will have no traitors in my house, foreign or domestic.”

Blanche was overawed by the vehemence of Mr. Middlefield; still she pouted, and cast defiant glances at Larry.

CHAPTER X.

THE SEA-CHEST.

WITH what pride and pleasure Larry opened his favorite chest!

He had been allowed by his kind Captain to visit many places of interest, and had joined a party who were going from Naples to Rome.

Mrs. Lockwell had the chest brought into the dining-room, to gratify Larry, and she, with Blanche, were present to see its contents.

"There, mother, that picture of the Bay of Naples is for you. It is a very good view of the city, and Vesuvius in the background," said Larry, handing his mother a fine oil-painting.

"Naples!" said Blanche, contemptuously; "it is not half as large as London, nor half as rich, nor half as handsome."

"You don't agree, then, with the favorite Italian proverb, 'See Naples, and then die,' because you can see nothing finer."

"After London, every place must look small," replied Blanche.

"But there you have no such beautiful bay as that, with its crescent of splendid buildings, the sea in the distance, and that magnificent mountain in the background."

"But we have the Thames, that beautiful, far-famed river!"

"River! what is that insignificant Thames to our Hudson, our Ohio, our Mississippi!"

"Come, Larry, you must not join in a game of *brag*," said Mrs. Lockwell. "I am very much pleased with your gift; it is very beautiful."

"And here are a number of curiosities from Pompeii and Herculaneum, for grandpa. Look at that bronze stork standing on one slender leg, with a snake in her mouth; is n't she a fine bird?"

"O, they make prettier things in bronze at *Brummagem*, — a thousand times prettier," said Blanche, proudly.

Larry could not help laughing merrily at this out-and-out English notion.

"Well, here is something they don't make at *Brummagem*; a set of pink coral. — necklace, bracelets, ear-rings, comb, and brooch. Mother, I forgot

that you never wore coral ornaments ; I was so much pleased with their beauty that I bought them. Blanche, I did not know then that I had a cousin whom they would become. Will you do me the favor to accept these corals ? ”

Blanche was quite taken by surprise ; her face and neck became of a deeper red than the corals. She hesitated, with her hands held behind her, while Larry offered her the pretty box in which the ornaments lay on shining white satin.

“ What ! not accept my simple gift ? ‘ Why, then I am indeed unblest,’ ” quoted Larry, in mock-heroic style.

“ You are too generous ; I never had as valuable a present in my life,” replied Blanche, dropping her hands by her side, while her haughty nature was struggling with the desire to possess the corals.

“ Take the box, Blanche,” said Mrs. Lockwell ; “ you know I cannot wear corals.”

Blanche took it, and muttered her thanks so indistinctly that they did not reach the ear of the donor.

“ But, mother, you do wear jet, and here is a jet-cross I brought you from Rome. You will wear that for my sake.”

“ Certainly, my dear boy, I do not reject the

sacred symbol, and shall wear it reverentially. I am afraid, Larry, you spent too much money abroad for your small means."

"All my own, mother; Captain Ringbolt paid his clerk liberally."

Blanche disappeared for a few moments, and returned bringing in her hand a book bound in green morocco, entitled "A Picture of London." It was a guide-book for that city and its environs, with views of all the principal edifices, squares, and monuments, and a fine map. It seemed to have been much used, and indeed it had been by Blanche, for she had never been in London herself. It was her most precious possession, and she felt relieved from too burdensome a weight of obligation when she had given it to Larry. He accepted it graciously.

Larry had remembered every servant in the family, and enjoyed their surprise and pleasure at the proofs of his kind remembrance and his generosity.

CHAPTER XI.

HEROES.

THE miniature frigate *Constitution* had been carefully put away by Mrs. Lockwell. On examination, Larry found that he had made but few mistakes in the hull or in the rigging; these mistakes he could not rectify without taking the whole ship to pieces. He therefore wisely determined to let it alone.

About a week after Larry's return home, a large parcel arrived for him by express from New York.

"My Captain says I may wear the navy blue and the buttons too, for he considers me the same as in a naval school, and it is the best school I could have preparatory to being a midshipman. Mother, would you like to see your sailor-boy in his new sea-rig?"

"I should; go and prepare yourself for exhibition while we adjourn to the parlor," was the reply.

Larry had gained in height during his absence. His round jacket set off his well-formed person;

his face, though browned by exposure, glowed with health and high spirits, and his fine eyes sparkled with mingled fun and exultation as he came into the parlor, making a low bow ; then, drawing himself up, he exclaimed, "I intend never to disgrace these buttons !"

Blanche could not help admiring the sailor-boy, but her lip curled contemptuously as she whispered, "The buttons disgrace you."

Had she not been a girl, his quick temper might have led him to resent this insult to the navy with a blow ; a hand-to-hand fight would have ensued, for Blanche was a "tom-boy," and could use fists as effectually as she did her tongue.

As it was, Larry partially swallowed down his resentment, and exclaimed, "Blanche ! you make me almost hate the English, who ever ought to be our truest and best friends !"

"Yes indeed," said Mr. Middlefield, warmly ; "according to their own principles, noble principles, upon which they have heretofore acted, they ought earnestly to espouse the cause of the North ; and I believe it is for their interest too."

"Then they sacrifice for us both interest and principal (principle)," said Larry. "How generous !"

"There goes the bell for dinner; let us discuss that, and let England and the English alone for the present." So saying, Mr. Middlefield led the way to the dining-room.

"Yankees would find England too strong and tough for their digestion, if they were to meddle with her," whispered Blanche to Larry, as they walked side by side.

"Our Northwestern States would swallow the little island for a single mouthful; they would n't mind it any more than I would mind swallowing a cherry."

"You mean they are big enough for that; but a big bully may be beaten by a scientific boxer."

"Good for you, Blanche; but suppose the big bully gains skill as well as strength."

Soon after they were seated at table, a Philadelphia daily was brought in.

"Washington is safe!" exclaimed Mr. Middlefield. "Our brave volunteers have marched to its defence from all parts of the North. The glorious New York Seventh can no more be called a dandy regiment. Their march to the capital will make a grand incident in the future history of our country."

"Yes; how they helped those brave Massachu-

setts men to food, who were half starving, and who had worked day and night on the railroad. What a glorious thing it is to be soldier or sailor, and to fight in a good cause! I should like to have been with the Scots at Bannockburn."

"Now you say that, Larry, just to provoke me," said Blanche; "and uncle speaks of the march of the Seventh Regiment to Washington as though it were as grand an achievement as the retreat of Xenophon with his ten thousand."

"And why not, Blanche? can you have no admiration, no enthusiasm, for those brave men who are acting in the living present?"

"Yes, I admire the daring of the noble 'six hundred' at Sevastopol. You never can match that!"

"Indeed, we can overmatch it. When the history of this war comes to be written, deeds of noble daring will then excite your most glowing admiration. You can appreciate magnanimity and true heroism: you ought to see my Commodore; he is every inch a hero."

"But, Larry, this is a civil war, such as we do not have in England."

"Not just at present; but what were the wars between Cavaliers and Roundheads, between York

and Lancaster, the '45, and many others, but civil wars? You speak as though such a thing as civil war had never been heard of in England, and bitterly condemn us for putting down a rebellion far worse than the Irish rebellion."

"Well, well, you may talk till you are gray, Larry, and you never will convince me that there is anything heroic in Yankee character."

"I hope to prove it by deeds, and not words," replied Larry, with strong emotion.

Two weeks had passed rapidly away. The time had come for Larry to leave his home again to embark on the uncertain ocean. His good mother earnestly and trustfully commended her boy to the care of Him who "ruleth the raging of the sea, and stilleth the waves thereof when they arise."

"When I plead the cause of sailors," said the eloquent Melville, "it seems to me as though the hurricane and the battle, the ocean with its crested billows, and war with its magnificently stern retinue, met and mingled to give force to the appeal. It seems as though stranded navies, the thousands who have gone down with the waves for their winding-sheet, and who await in unfathomable caverns the shrill trumpet-peal of the archangel, rose to admonish

us of the vast debt we owe those brave fellows who are continually jeoparding their lives in our service. And then there comes before me the imagery of a mother, who has parted with many tears and many forebodings from her sailor-boy; whose thoughts have accompanied him as none but those of a mother can, in his long wanderings over the deep; and who would rejoice with all a mother's gladness to know 'that he had fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before him, which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil.' "

Thus did Mrs. Lockwell part with her sailor-boy.

Larry went to seek Blanche, to bid her "farewell." He found her in the parlor, seated at the piano, and stopped in mute astonishment to hear her singing the following, from Drake's "American Flag": —

"Flag of the seas! on ocean's wave,
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,

And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye!
Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet
Where breathes the foe that falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us."

It was Larry's favorite song!

The voice of Blanche trembled as she sang the last line, and when she had touched the last note she covered her face, and unbidden tears came to her eyes.

Larry stepped lightly to her side, touched his lips gently to her forehead, and, without speaking a word, left the room; a few moments after he was hurrying away from Chestnut Hill.

CHAPTER XII.

LETTER FROM LARRY.

On board the *Cherokee*, Potomac River.

DEAR FOLKS AT HOME: I have seen fighting; I have heard for the first time the firing of shells. O it is awful, tremendous, but exciting beyond everything!

We went to find out what the Rebels were doing on shore, — a party of soldiers and sailors in boats, — and I was allowed to go with them. They — the Rebels — were as busy as ants on an ant-hill, erecting batteries. But we made them scamper; that is, the shells of the *Cherokee* being thrown among them, they were glad to skedaddle, and left us to destroy the battery they had begun.

You would have been amused to see Tom Brunt riding off with a horse that he found all equipped. Tom got a wound in his hand from a revolver, which, I suppose, was fired at him by the owner of the horse. I bound it up immediately with my hand-

kerchief. After this, I mean to have two or three extra handkerchiefs in my pockets.

The enemy soon began to muster in great numbers, and we, having accomplished the purpose for which we landed, hastened to our boats. But we were obliged to put off before all the men had reached the boats, and one of our officers swam to the boat I was in, with a soldier on his back, who held fast to his musket. We helped them into the boat. Though balls were whizzing about them like hail, they escaped without harm. One ball went through the cap of the soldier. Tom Brunt's horse was sent to Washington as a prize, and the good fellow was highly delighted with the praise he received from the officer in command of the boat-expedition.

I hope Cousin Blanche is quite Americanized by this time. I could not understand why she was so deeply affected while singing Drake's "American Flag." I have pondered much and often upon it, and cannot solve the mystery. She was so fiercely English that I cannot believe in her sudden conversion. I thank my dear mother for sparing me from our home. I try to remember her good advice. I know I have her prayers. Grandpa will receive with this a note from Captain Ringbolt. Our Cap-

tain is as brave as Lawrence, as fearless as Bainbridge, and as patriotic as grandpa himself.

With undying love for all of you, my dear ones at Chestnut Hill,

Yours,

LARRY LOCKWELL.

NOTE FROM CAPTAIN RINGBOLT.

On board the *Cherokee*, Potomac River, 1861.

HON. STARK MIDDLEFIELD :

DEAR SIR: It gives me great pleasure to inform you that your grandson Lawrence Lockwell has shown himself one of the bravest of the brave, during a recent raid upon the Rebels. His courage is of the right sort, not rashness or foolhardiness. You have reason to be proud of the boy. I, as his adopted father, glory in him, and trust he may be spared to command one of the best ships that ever sailed under the flag of the Union.

With great regard, truly yours,

HECTOR RINGBOLT.

"Americanized! no indeed!" exclaimed Blanche, after she had heard Mr. Middlefield read out

the letter and note. "I cried to think Larry might be killed, but I am English still to the heart's core. I am glad, however, that Larry was brave, for I hate cowards."

"It is the most unexpected thing in the world to us, next to the rebellion itself, that the English people, any of them, high or low, rich or poor, should have taken part with seceding States, when they were unwilling to give up a foot of their own territory, even were it a desolate rock in the midst of the ocean."

"Do you mean St. Helena, where *we* shut up Bonaparte to keep him from mischief?"

"I had not St. Helena in mind. But, Blanche, we will not agitate that question; I only wish the leaders of rebellion were as closely confined as Bonaparte was at Longwood, and had a Sir Hudson Lowe for their jailer."

CHAPTER XIII.

TOM BRUNT'S SISTER.

THE summer months had passed away, and the blasts of autumn were already sprinkling the lawn at Chestnut Hill with yellow, crimson, and brown from the old trees, but no news came from Larry. Of course there was great anxiety felt by the trio at the Hill.

One morning, after breakfast, Blanche was missing. She had taken her sun-bonnet in hand, had run down the lawn and out of the gate, as swiftly as a deer with the hunters in full chase.

She kept up this rapid pace till she reached the cottage of Tom Brunt's sister, Mercy Brunt.

Now Blanche was an entire stranger to Mercy, but she had not a particle of bashfulness in her composition; so she knocked at the cottage-door without the last hesitation. She was going to see a poor person, as she thought, and therefore assumed a condescending, patronizing air.

Mercy opened the door, which led directly into the front room.

"I am Miss Blanche Mowbray, and I have come to inquire if you have heard lately from your sailor-brother," said she.

"Please walk in, Miss Mowbray, and take a seat; you seem quite out of breath." So saying, Mercy handed a chair.

"I am sorry to say I have n't heard from Tom since he left home."

"Then you have not heard how brave he was on a certain occasion?"

"Not a word."

Blanche told what Larry had written in his letter from on board the Cherokee, and received many thanks from Mercy for the good news.

Mercy seated herself by her sewing-machine, and continued her work, with an apology for the noise the machine made. It was a novelty to Blanche, and she had many questions to ask about it. They were answered clearly and intelligently.

Blanche looked around the neat apartment. The floor was covered with a bright-striped home-made carpet. In the fireplace were branches of white

coral and beautiful sea-shells, brought from the Indian Ocean by Tom. The chairs were cushioned, the covers of the cushions being pieced out of small bits of brilliant-colored woollen stuffs. In the centre of the room, on an old-fashioned mahogany table, were a number of books, a large family Bible, "Paradise Lost," Cowper's Poems, several volumes of sermons, Longfellow's Poems, and several other books by English and American authors. Blanche examined them with interest and curiosity. She thought she was going to visit a poor person, and associated ignorance with poverty as a matter of course.

"I suppose you are quite familiar with all those works," said Mercy Blunt, as Blanche was turning them over.

"Whose are they?" demanded Blanche, abruptly.

"They have the author's names, I believe, all of them," replied Mercy.

"I mean, — that is," said Blanche, slightly embarrassed, "who reads them here?"

"I read them; reading is my great resource; I should be very lonely without books," was the reply.

“And do you live all alone?”

“Not entirely; I have a faithful colored woman, who has been in our family many years, and Tom is at home every now and then. I wish I could know where he is now; but he is in God’s own good keeping, and I have reason to believe he is safe, living or dying. When he was home the last time he made me a birthday present of this sewing-machine; it was my twenty-ninth birthday; I am ten years older than Tom. My poor brother was left to my care when he was very young.”

“But how can you find so much sewing to do for yourself, when that thing works as fast as a windmill in a gale?”

“I have very little to do for myself; I sew for my living.”

This was said so simply and so unreservedly that Blanche was quite taken by surprise. She never before had felt such respect for a person who “worked for her living.” Just as if everybody in this world did not work in some way for a living! The idlers being generally the hardest workers to “kill time.”

“You are looking quite earnestly at that en-

graving of Longfellow," said Mercy. "Are you a lover of his poetry?"

"I never heard his name before; it is a jolly one."

"Jolly!" said Mercy, with a smile; "he is not a jolly poet, but a fine, moral poet, quite equal to Cowper, if not superior. His poetry is a real tonic, — so strengthening."

"An American poet?" questioned Blanche, superciliously.

"Yes, one of our very best poets; please take the two volumes home with you to read, Miss Mowbray, if you don't happen to have them in the library at Chestnut Hill."

Scarcely anything could have surprised Blanche more than this offer to lend *her*, Miss Blanche Mowbray, — to lend her books, — the books of a poor seamstress! She, however, declined the offer with some degree of civility, and Mercy, who was occupied with her sewing-machine, did not see the haughty toss of Miss Blanche's head.

As she was yet standing by the centre-table, an inner door was opened, and a strange figure appeared with a plate, upon which was a glass of water. Milly, the old servant of whom Mercy

had spoken, was a dumpy little body. Her hair, almost white, stood out upon her head in all directions, forming a strange contrast to her very dark face.

She approached Blanche, and, dropping a low courtesy, said, "Have a glass of cold water, Missy?"

Blanche was terrified at this novel sight, and, snatching the glass, threw it directly in the face of the old negress; then, opening the door, the frightened girl fled from the cottage, and ran, without slackening her pace, till she reached Chestnut Hill.

"Oh dear!" she exclaimed, throwing herself upon a sofa in the parlor, where Mrs. Lockwell was sitting. "Oh dear!"

"What *is* the matter, Blanche?" asked Mrs. Lockwell, alarmed.

"Oh! I have seen the most frightful American savage."

"Savage! Where?" exclaimed Mrs. Lockwell.

"At Mercy Brunt's. I never was so frightened in my life. I had heard and read of savages before, but I never conceived of anything so perfectly diabolical."

“It must have been poor old Milly; as harmless a creature as ever breathed,” said Mrs. Lockwell, laughing heartily. “And what did she do or say to you, Blanche?”

“She came towards me with a glass of water, and I was so terrified that I threw it in her face, glass and all, and then ran home for dear life.”

“Blanche, I am ashamed of you! So, then, you have made the acquaintance of Mercy Brunt. A very valuable woman she is; and, though she keeps herself quietly at home generally, she is known to everybody in the village. What will she think of you?”

“Cousin, one thing surprised me, — not one thing alone, — but what surprised me most was her language. Why, she speaks as good English as I do!”

“And is that so very strange?”

“Yes, indeed; I thought poor people here would speak a sort of American language, as difficult to understand as the Yorkshire with *us*, — I mean the educated classes, in England.”

“And we thought our English cousin would say, ‘’Am hand heggs, Hingland and Hamerica, and ‘Ow hare you?’”

“I am not a Cockney,” said Blanche, proudly ;
“my relations were all well born and well bred.”

“Mercy Brunt is a Yankee from Down-East, as we sometimes term a part of New England. She may have worked in a Lowell factory for aught I know. At any rate, she has had the advantage of common schools, and is a great reader. Her brother Tom, having come to this part of the country when quite young, and being obliged to work hard, has not had the same advantages as his sister ; but he is a good fellow, and has been of infinite service to my Larry. See how influence extends. Mercy’s influence over her brother has been most beneficial, and has thus extended to another, and will extend in a widening circle, like that when a pebble is dropped in the water.”

“This seems very strange. I thought influence was downward, from the rich and high in station to the poor and low-born,” said Blanche.

“Ah, my dear child, you have many things yet to learn. Well is our humble friend named Mercy, for she is a general benefactress, — first, by her lovely example, and then by going about doing good, like her blessed Master. If any one is dangerously ill in our village, Mercy is sent for ; she is a tender, gen-

tle, and judicious nurse. When her poor neighbors want advice about their worldly affairs, or their spiritual interests, they ask it of Mercy Brunt; and no one is better able to give the advice they need. She is universally known and respected."

"You surprise me; I never heard of a person working for her daily bread, who could hold such a position. She could not do it in England."

"Position! Mercy never thinks of position! She does the duty that lies nearest to her from day to day, and is contented and cheerful in the station Providence allots to her."

"I should not think she could be cheerful, living in the house with that frightful negro woman. I would not sleep in the same house with that horrible wretch for millions."

"Horrible wretch! she is one of the kindest creatures in the world. She had nothing to give you but a 'cup of cold water,' and you threw it in her face. Now which showed the most genuine politeness, you or poor old black Milly?"

"Politeness! O cousin, you can't call anything such a creature does, politeness; I should sooner think of calling a horse or a dog polite."

"Christian politeness, or charity, is confined to no

station, age, sex, or color. Milly is polite after her fashion ; her manners are better than those of many persons I could name."

"This is a strange country ! I can't understand its ways at all. A woman who earns her living by sewing, influential and respectable !—a horrible, old negro, a pattern of politeness !" And Blanche fell into a fit of immoderate laughter, while Mrs. Lockwell regarded her with as much sternness as her gentle nature would allow.

CHAPTER XIV.

GOING ASHORE.

LETTER FROM TOM BRUNT TO HIS SISTER.

On board the *Cherokee*, Potomac River.

MY DEAR SISTER: The Chaplain of our ship is so kind as to write this letter for me, my right hand not serving me at present. I lost a finger some months ago; you may have heard of it through Master Lawrence Lockwell. I wish I could tell you where that brave boy is now. He bound up my hand when it was shot, and he was always doing me some kindness. O how I miss him! I pray for him every day, — many times a day, — for he is among the Rebels!

We went ashore in a boat, about a dozen of us, in what seemed a safe place, just to make what they call a reconnoissance. Larry begged to go with us, and our Captain gave him leave, somewhat unwillingly.

No sooner had we landed than out flashed from a

sand bank, that looked for all the world as harmless as the hill behind our house, — out flashed big guns, and balls fell all round us, knocking over one man at the very first fire. I tell you what! those masked batteries are not to be sneezed at; they are like wolves in sheep's clothing.

When we found that the Rebels were there by hundreds, we were ordered to our boat, and ran for it, for there was a tremendous firing upon us; and what could men do, with only muskets and revolvers against those big guns? So we all got on board, as we thought, but the man that was killed, as we supposed, and, I am sorry to add, Master Larry.

I begged the boatswain to put back for him; we could see him kneeling by the side of the man who had fallen; but the sailors were rowing as fast as possible, and would not stop.

"The boy will be taken prisoner; the sailor is killed." That was all the midshipman in command would say, and we pushed for the Cherokee, that was about a mile below.

When we reported to the Captain, he ordered shells to be fired into the battery, and even without glasses, from the maintop, we could see the Rebels scattering. What became of Master Larry we don't

know. We do know, however, a little more about him.

The sailor by whom Larry was kneeling was badly wounded in the leg. You know how skilfully Larry bound up my hand when my finger was shot off. Just so he was doing now, tying a handkerchief above the wound to keep the blood from flowing, otherwise the sailor would have bled to death. I had the account of it from Amos Molins, the sailor himself. Amos told me that Master Larry saw the boat putting off, but would not leave him to die. Just as he had stopped the bleeding, a Rebel came very near, and pointed his rifle at the two. Larry cried out, "Don't shoot a wounded man." "I'll shoot you," bawled out the Rebel, with an awful oath. Quick as a flash, the boy drew his revolver, a six-shooter. Amos heard the report of a musket and a pistol, and then he supposes that he fainted, for he heard no more. Loss of blood and terror had deprived him of consciousness. The sailor thinks he was left for dead by the Rebels. "Ah!" said Amos to me, "I shouldn't have been alive to tell the story, if it hadn't been for that brave lad, who tied the two silk handkerchiefs as skilfully as any surgeon. The wound was just in the flesh, and

the only danger was from the bleeding.' When Amos came to himself, he was lying in the same spot, with a pool of blood by him. He was aroused by shells that came boom, boom, over him, from our ship. He expected to be hit by them, for they fell quite near him. The Rebels were scattered, and their battery destroyed. Amos crept near the river, and sheltered himself under a shelving bank. There he slept till early the next morning, when, being a capital swimmer, he swam down to our ship, and we took him on board. What became of the brave boy who saved his life, he cannot tell. May God have him in his holy keeping, says your brother. My dear Mercy, my heart clings to that lad as the heart of Jonathan did to David; and, by the way, I think Lawrence Lockwell is more like David than any one else I ever read of. He is as brave as a lion, and was the Captain's darling. They say this fine old man cried like a child when he heard that Master Larry was left among the Rebels, and blamed the officer in command of the boat for not bringing him off.

And now, my dear sister, I am thankful to tell you that I am well and hearty; as much devoted to the good cause as ever, and not a bit discouraged.

Keep up good heart yourself; all will come right at last. I think our Chaplain has put my poor ideas into the right words, and I am much obliged to him.

May God bless you and keep you under the shadow of his wings, is the constant prayer of

Your affectionate brother,

TOM BRUNT.

The Chaplain added the following postscript:—

“It gives the Chaplain great pleasure to inform the sister of Tom Brunt that he is one of the best sailors in the world, a true Christian, and a great aid to the Chaplain in his endeavors to do good to the other sailors on board the Cherokee.”

Unwilling to be a witness of the grief and anxiety Tom's letter would occasion, Mercy Brunt put it in an envelope, and sent it to Mrs. Lockwell by Milly.

When Blanche saw the old black woman coming up to the house, she fled precipitately to her own room, and locked herself within.

Mrs. Lockwell went to the door herself, and in the kindest way possible told the poor woman she must excuse Miss Mowbray's rudeness, when that young lady was at the cottage, for she had never seen *colored* people in England.

“O ma’am ! I thought she was one of them *Southern* Rebels they tell so much about, and was used to throwing things at nigger’s heads. The glass was strong, or my wool was thick, for the glass did n’t break, and I like cold water ; so the young Missy need n’t be troubled. I don’t think she can be a lady, but I hopes, ma’am, she ’ll learn, now she ’s got such a sample before her as Mrs. Lockwell.” So saying, Milly made one of her bobbing courtesies, and hobbled off.

CHAPTER XV.

A SURPRISE.

A DARK cloud of sadness rested upon the once cheerful habitation at Chestnut Hill. How was it to be dispelled? No news came from Larry; but his chest, containing his clothing, watch, and money, was sent home by Captain Ringbolt.

Mrs. Lockwell set herself to work to prepare a box of warm garments, and of delicacies for sick soldiers in the hospitals at Washington. She found some solace in this occupation. But day after day she worked alone, for Blanche took long walks, and then shut herself within her own room. Knowing her prejudices, Mrs. Lockwell did not ask her assistance in the benevolent work.

Mr. Middlefield wrote to Captain Ringbolt, inquiring about Larry. No answer came, for the Captain had been ordered to the Gulf of Mexico. The sorrowful grandfather's inquiries in other directions were entirely unsatisfactory.

When Mrs. Lockwell was packing her box to send off by express, Blanche opened the door of the room where Mrs. Lockwell was busy, and threw in two red-flannel shirts, and a pair of gray yarn stockings. Blanche closed the door hastily, and went to her own room.

Mrs. Lockwell was puzzled. Who could have sent this contribution to her box? She at length conjectured that it must have come from Mercy Brunt.

Mercy Brunt was just then shown in, with a large parcel in her hands, containing a dozen pair of carpet slippers.

Mrs. Lockwell thanked her for them, and for the other articles.

"Your thanks must be given to Miss Blanche Mowbray for the shirts and stockings. She learned to knit for the purpose. She gave me the money, and I bought the materials for her and cut out the shirts, but she made every stitch of them herself, and she supplied me with the carpet for the slippers."

"How did she overcome her fear of Milly?" exclaimed Mrs. Lockwell.

"It required resolution; but the object in view was

such that she overcame her repugnance, and now she quite fancies Milly."

"This is astonishing! It accounts for her long walks, and her seclusion. How pleased my father will be, and my poor Larry, too, if he only knew it! Alas! he may be needing warm clothing at this very moment."

"God tempers the blast to the shorn lamb," replied Mercy, devoutly; then, after a few moments' pause, she continued, "I have n't told you that Miss Blanche parted with a ring, which I disposed of at the jeweller's, to obtain the money for her purchases. She did not wish to keep the ring, because it was given her by a relation from whom she had mainly imbibed her prejudices against this country."

"This is indeed a triumph. I shall leave it for Blanche to speak of the change in her opinions and feelings; she has shown the change by deeds, and I will not wound her pride by compelling any other acknowledgment."

"That is wise and kind," said Mercy; "but I must say good by to you, Mrs. Lockwell, for I am going to Washington."

"To Washington!"

"I am going to be a nurse in a hospital there.

Mr. Middlefield has given me letters which will be sure to gain me admittance. Milly will take care of my little place till I return."

"God bless you and keep you from sickness, and from all harm." So saying, Mrs. Lockwell shook hands cordially with Mercy; then she added, "You shall take charge of the box, and have the pleasure of distributing the articles to the poor fellows yourself."

As Mercy passed out of the house, suddenly some one threw a pair of plump arms about her neck, and a voice whispered, "Take this from Blanche," and an English Book of Common Prayer was thrust into Mercy's hand.

The impetuous, warm-hearted, but haughty Blanche had been completely won by the humble, intelligent, excellent Mercy Brunt. No despising of Yankees after this! No more *odious* comparisons between England and America from Blanche Mowbray, though she could not help making comparisons continually.

CHAPTER XVI.

WASHINGTON.

It was now the last of November; the weather was cold and disagreeable, when Mercy arrived in Washington. She went to a quiet hotel, to which Mr. Middlefield had directed her. There she had the box left till she should know what use to make of its contents. With the calm energy that characterized her, she went straight forward to the accomplishment of her benevolent purpose.

As she was on her way through Pennsylvania Avenue, to deliver her credentials to the proper persons for gaining admission to a hospital, suddenly she heard her name uttered, in a feeble but expressive tone.

“Mercy Brunt!”

A girl, very meanly dressed, with an old sun-bonnet over her face, and a thin shawl wrapped about her, stood before her.

"How do you happen to know me?" asked Mercy.

"How could I help knowing you, Mercy? It is not strange that you do not know me in this disguise."

"Lawrence Lockwell! Is it possible?"

"Yes, Mercy; and I am sick and weary."

"Come with me, and explain after you are in my lodgings. Here, take my arm."

Larry did so, and limped along on his bare feet, — bare feet, and bleeding too, this wintry day.

They were soon at the hotel, and Mercy immediately made known to the hotel-keeper who the stranger was, and asked for a room for him adjoining her own.

Larry was soon in a comfortable bed, wearing one of those red flannel shirts.

Mercy had taken the precaution to bring a night-lamp with her, and before her patient slept, she had made a nice gruel for him.

All through the long night, Mercy watched by his bedside, and when morning came, still he was soundly asleep.

She bathed his poor bleeding feet, and he did not awake. She was profuse in her application of

cologne-water to his thin, pale face, and his hands, that looked like bird's claws. Even a brush applied to his hair did not awaken him, so deathly was the sleep into which he had fallen. Mercy was alarmed, and sent for a physician. He felt Larry's pulse, and watched his breathing.

"Exhaustion," said he; "entire exhaustion, from cold and fatigue, but in no danger. Waken him in about an hour, and give him more of the warm gruel; then let him sleep again as long as he will."

At the time ordered, Mercy awakened Larry. He did not appear to know where he was, or who was with him, but swallowed the gruel with avidity, and then fell back into a quiet sleep, from which he did not awaken till noon, having slept twenty-four hours with only the one interruption.

The physician came in soon after, and said careful nursing was all the boy needed. This he was sure to have from Mercy Brunt.

In the quietness of his room, for Mercy asked Larry no questions, she wrote to Mrs. Lockwell, simply to inform her that her sailor-boy was safe in Washington, and would probably be at Chestnut Hill before long. She added, he might, however, be detained a week or more. He was lodging at the

same hotel to which Mr. Middlefield had recommended her. Mercy added, that she had not yet gone to the hospital, but some of the contents of the box were already in use. She suggested that if Larry had any garments at home, it would be well to send them on to Washington, for his clothing was *nearly worn out*. "He had," she said, "lately arrived at the capital, and was too much fatigued to write himself." She very carefully worded her letter, not to give alarm, yet, when it reached Mrs. Lockwell, how could she, that tender mother, fail to be alarmed and agitated, even with all Mercy's caution?

Hunger, fatigue, and cold had assailed Larry, and brought him to the very portals of the grave.

"What is that you are reading so attentively?" asked Larry, as he saw Mercy with a small book in her hand. It was the first question he had asked of Mercy, though he had then been two days at the hotel.

"It is a Prayer-Book Miss Blanche Mowbray gave me."

This aroused the almost dormant memory of Larry, and he inquired after all at Chestnut Hill, while a faint color spread over his pale face.

Mercy gently answered the inquiry, assuring him that they were all well. And then she asked if she should read out to him what was then before her eyes. He assented, and she read as follows :—

“ O God, who art the Giver of life, of health, and of safety, we bless thy name that thou hast been pleased to deliver from his bodily sickness this thy servant, who now desireth to return thanks unto thee. Gracious art thou, O Lord, and full of compassion to the children of men. May his heart be duly impressed with a sense of thy merciful goodness, and may he devote the residue of his days to an humble, holy, and obedient walking before thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.”

Larry fervently joined in the “ Amen.”

He lay quiet awhile, and then said, “ Did Blanche give you that book ? ”

“ She did, and it has been a great comfort to me. I never saw a prayer-book before. The English ought to be a good people, a very good people, with such prayers and lessons from the Bible as they hear every Sunday at church.”

“ And Blanche gave it to you, — how strange ! I think, Mercy, I am almost strong enough to go home.”

“I think you will be in a few days longer. You must not agitate yourself. By to-morrow we shall hear from your friends.”

Letters came, — warm, loving letters, — enclosing money. Mr. Middlefield would have come on to Washington, and Mrs. Lockwell with him, but both were suffering with colds.

A letter to Mercy was overflowing with grateful thanks for her nursing, care, and kindness, which were well understood, though no mention had been made of them by herself.

The next day, the trunk of clothing arrived, and Larry was able to be dressed. He still wore the red flannels, saying he chose to look for once like a soldier. The carpet slippers were just the thing for him, and those yarn stockings, — never were stockings so soft and comfortable !

Two days after the receipt of the letter, Mr. Middlefield knocked at the door of Larry's room. The grandfather could not restrain his impatience, and, in spite of his cold, had come on to Washington.

Larry had so far recovered that he was about to take a drive. He was standing before a mirror trying on a cap that Mercy had bought for him. The door was opened so gently that he did not perceive it.

"I should n't know myself," said Larry.

"But I know you, my dear boy!" exclaimed the grandfather, holding Larry tight to his throbbing heart.

Mercy came, with her bonnet and wrappings on, to say the carriage was ready, and received the most cordial greeting from Mr. Middlefield.

"Come, Larry, I'll carry you down-stairs, and take a drive with you," said Mr. Middlefield.

"I can walk down myself; I grow stronger every minute; I think I can go home to-morrow."

"We will see about that." So saying, the grandfather on one side, and Mercy on the other, led the boy down-stairs and helped him into the carriage. The keen air was refreshing, and Larry, quite revived by it, began to tell the story of his being taken prisoner; but Mercy stopped him at once, saying, "Dismiss all painful reminiscences, and enjoy the present."

"How can I, when I see these streets filled with soldiers? O what a dreadful thing war is!"

"I must second Mercy's motion," said the grandfather; "you must wait till you have other auditors to listen to your story."

As they were alighting from the carriage, after a

short drive, who should they meet but Captain Ringbolt.

“Is it possible! Larry, my dear boy, I thought you were in heaven,” said the Captain, grasping Larry’s hand so violently that the boy, if he had not been a real Spartan, would have shrieked. Then, seeing Mr. Middlefield, he gave him one of those hearty grips, expressive of his pleasure at this unexpected meeting. The Captain entered the hotel with them, and, while Larry went to his room, Captain Ringbolt waited below for an interview with Mr. Middlefield.

The Captain had been appointed to the command of another ship, and had come on to Washington for further orders from the Secretary of the Navy. He begged to have Larry with him. But Mr. Middlefield was obdurate in his refusal.

When Mr. Middlefield returned to Larry’s room, he was surprised at Larry’s question.

“Did Captain Ringbolt say he would take me to sea again as his clerk?”

“Had you not better wait till you are well before you think of venturing again on board ship?”

“I am well enough now to think about it,” replied Larry.

The grandfather was astounded. After suffering so much, was he ready so soon to risk life again? was the boy really in his right mind?

“Grandpa, when you had a bad case in court, did you give it up because it was a bad one? When you had a good case, and powerful lawyers opposed to you, did you give it up? Say, now, grandpa.”

Grandpa did not say, but he bade the boy be quiet, and wait till he got home, before he broached the subject again.

“Good by, Mercy,” said Larry, two days after this conversation had passed. “Good by; I shall never forget your kindness.”

“And never forget the duty you owe to God and your country,” said Mercy; “but show pity to the wounded and dying Rebels. I know you will, Larry, even though they be Rebels. They are still our brethren, as was the prodigal son who seceded from his father’s house. He was brother to the one who stayed with his father. Let us hope for the return of this prodigal, and be ready to receive him whenever he shall say he has sinned and done evil. God keep you, Larry; farewell.”

Mercy went to one of the Washington hospitals to nurse wounded soldiers, as tenderly as she had nursed

the sailor-boy, and many a dying eye was turned towards her for devout prayers and words of holy consolation.

The travellers sped rapidly homeward. It was evening when they reached Chestnut Hill. The ground was covered with snow ; but a warm light glowed through the windows of the house, and warm hearts were ready to give an intensely cordial welcome to the returning invalid.

How Larry wondered at the tears that would come to his eyes ! Boys always think it unmanly to weep. Larry brushed away his tears disdainfully, though they were tears of joy, — delicious tears.

CHAPTER XVII.

“DIXIE.”

Two days subsequent to Larry's return, he reclined on a sofa, supported by cushions, though he called himself perfectly well in body and mind. He was thus carefully arranged to tell his adventures in Dixie, not a word of which he had hitherto been able to relate.

Mrs. Lockwell and Blanche were knitting soldiers' gray yarn stockings, and Mr. Middlefield sat before the glowing grate, in his large arm-chair. Three more interested listeners could not have been gathered for the occasion.

“I shall be compelled to be very egotistical,” said Larry.

“Certainly ; *ego* forms the subject of your story,” said Mr. Middlefield. “Go on without further preface or apology.”

Thus encouraged, Larry continued :—

“You have heard how I stayed by the sailor,

Amos Molius. He was bleeding to death, and I would not leave him. I thought the worst would be that I should be taken prisoner, and not be very harshly treated. I had scarcely bound up the poor sailor's wound when a Rebel soldier came running towards me, and, when only a few yards from me, pointed his rifle directly at the head of the wounded sailor. 'Coward!' cried I, 'would you shoot a dying man?' 'I'll shoot you,' yelled the Rebel, with an awful oath, and pointed his rifle at me. I drew my revolver, and fired at the same instant that he did. He fell, never to rise again. His bullet whizzed through my cap."

Mrs. Lockwell drew a long breath, and whispered, "Thank God!" then said aloud, "But it was a dreadful alternative."

"Indeed, mother, it was. I felt horribly shocked when I saw what I had done; but it was either to shoot or be shot."

"Self-preservation is the first law of nature; it was well you had the revolver, and well that you had presence of mind enough to use it. Besides," added Mr. Middlefield, "you had to protect the man for whom you had risked your own life. Providentially, you were thus the means of saving two lives, though one was necessarily sacrificed."



“Coward!” cried I, “would you shoot a dying man?” Page 121.

“And yet, as my mother remarked, it was a dreadful alternative. At that very moment, as I drew the revolver, strange as it may seem, I thought of my mother.”

There was a pause for an instant, and then Larry went on.

“A lieutenant of the Rebel army immediately came to me, and cursed me, oath after oath, for killing the soldier, and led me off as his prisoner.

“‘Are you not going to take care of the wounded sailor there?’ said I, pointing to Molius.

“He stepped back, gave the body a kick, and said, ‘He is taken care of as I wish every — Yankee in the world was, — the best care for them.’

“I supposed of course that the sailor was dead.

“The lieutenant placed me under the charge of a soldier, who took from me my revolver, the little money I had about me, and nearly all my clothing. Fortunately, I had left my watch and my purse in my chest.

“It was a whole day before I had a morsel to eat, for the firing from the Cherokee sent the shells into their masked battery, and right among the soldiers. The Rebels skedaddled, and hurried off with me, — poor little me, their only prisoner.

“We marched about ten miles that day, to an encampment where there were a number of other prisoners ready to start for Richmond. I was sent on with them, and when we reached the place of our imprisonment, I was half dead with fatigue and hunger. Our prison was a tobacco-warehouse, not far from Richmond. O how odious, how disgusting, the smell of that house was ! You cannot imagine anything so filthy, so horribly offensive. I will not pain you by giving particulars. It was a second Black Hole. We had hardly room to lie down or to stand up.

“The hog and hominy with which they fed us were not much diminished by my eating. I loathed the food, though as hungry as a starved wolf.

“I formed many plans for escaping, but in vain, till I became acquainted with a soldier of the guard, who constantly watched us. He seemed to take pity on me, and sometimes whispered to me at a small opening, — a window without glass or shutter, to let in light and air, — a precious little of either, by the way, did we get.

“One day, this Rebel soldier handed me a small roll of paper, that looked like a piece of pipe-stem. On carefully unrolling it, I found it was addressed

to ‘General Tom Thumb,’ and contained this singular hint, evidently meant for me:—

“‘Do you suppose, General, your mighty littleness could creep through a hole not *less* than six inches square? If he should attempt it, would it be on a dark night? Is the General too big a baby to creep? Could he creep a mile on all fours? If he could n’t, he deserves to be kept in a Dixie cradle, and fed on pap.’

“I pondered over this strange note, and consulted a Massachusetts soldier, who was my greatest friend. We made out at last that the hint was to creep through that small window, which, by the way, was within just as high as my head, and without nearly six feet from the ground. About the creeping we had some doubt, but at last concluded that I must creep away after I found myself on the ground. There was nothing more to guide me; but I had n’t a doubt that the friendly soldier I have mentioned would be on guard that night, and that the hint came from him.

“I might be shot in making the attempt to escape; at any rate, I would try, for I could not live much longer in that abominable prison. The poor fellows were dying daily by dozens, and all looked like the

most miserable wretches that you can conceive of. I knew I was so thin that I could crawl through that square opening. My Massachusetts friend promised to help me, and kept awake till midnight for the purpose. He lifted me up, and put me through, feet foremost, — a queer missile to be shot at Rebels !. I came safely to the ground, and fell upon ‘all fours.’ The guard was near, stiff and motionless as a cedar post. I crept along on the ground as nimbly as I could, not knowing what direction to take. Suddenly I came upon a sentinel leaning against a tree. ‘Now, I am done for,’ thought I. The soldier must have taken me in the darkness for some wild animal, for he cried, ‘Who goes there?’ and then laughed out, thinking he had challenged something not human. I scrabbled off, the dead leaves rustling as I fled, for I was now among trees and bushes. Over stones and briers I crept, till I found myself in a thick wood. So tired was I, that I fell asleep, like Jacob of old, with a stone for a pillow; but no angels came to comfort me, but a horrible dream of being hanged on a gallows, such as I have seen in old pictures. The rope was around my neck, and the platform was about to drop, when I received a sudden

punch in the side, and awoke in an agony of terror. It was broad daylight, and a little girl, I should say about nine years old, had thus unceremoniously disturbed me, or rather relieved me from my hideous dream. My appearance was anything but interesting. My pantaloons were torn at the knees, and so was the skin they had once covered, by the stones and briers I had crept over. My hair was long and tangled, my face and hands were of a rusty brown ; altogether, I must have been frightful to behold.

“The little girl looked at me wonderingly, while I was trying to collect my thoughts and realize where I was.

“‘What are you doing here?’ asked the little girl, stooping over me, and staring into my face.

“‘Sleeping I was ; I’m wide awake now.’

“‘What’s your name, and where are you going?’ said she.

“‘You must be a Yankee, I think, for Yankees ask questions,’ said I, raising myself on my feet slowly, for every limb was as stiff as a jib-boom. ‘You must be a Yankee, and so am I, and I must ask you some questions.’

“The child looked frightened, and put her fore-fin-

ger on her lips, as a hint that I had better not mention that fact.

“‘Where do you live, and why do you come here?’ said I.

“‘I live in that brown house yonder, and I am here looking for our cow. She ran away last night.’

“‘Are you a Yankee soldier?’ whispered the girl, looking all around, as if afraid she should be heard.

“‘No; I am not a soldier; I am a sailor-boy, and am tired and hungry and thirsty. Shall I help you look for your cow?’

“‘O, there she is!’ cried the child, joyfully. ‘Come home with me, sailor-boy; I never saw a sailor before.’

“‘I don’t think you would ever care to see another,’ said I, as I hurried after her towards the brown house.

“A young woman, with a good, honest face, stood in the doorway, gazing at me as we drew near.

“‘Mammy,’ said the child, ‘I’ve found our cow and a sailor-boy; did you ever see one before?’

“I smiled, but the woman looked gravely at me, and asked me where I came from. I thought it best to tell the truth, and said I had escaped from prison,

at which she seemed much alarmed, and begged me to come in at once.

"I sat down by the kitchen fire. The woman went out, closed and locked the door after her, leaving the girl, I thought, to watch me while she was absent. I supposed she had gone to make my escape known to the soldiers, and gave myself up to despair. The little girl sat by the fireside, stirring some boiling mush, every now and then wiping her tearful eyes with a corner of her apron.

"After about half an hour of fearful anxiety, I was relieved by the return of the woman. Instead of the soldiers I dreaded to see, she had a pail of warm milk in her hand. Soon she poured out a bowlful, and, adding some mush, handed it to me. Never was anything more delicious to a poor starved creature than that mush and milk was to me. After I had taken a few spoonfuls, she said, 'The soldiers often come here, but I can hide you from them till they have done looking for you. I think they are on the search now.' I was enjoying the mush and milk too eagerly to mind what she was saying. After I had finished my charming breakfast, she said, 'You may go into that small room and wash yourself, then I will come and cut your hair.' She showed me into

the room, a kind of wash-room, and there was a tub of soap-suds. What a luxury! not the most splendid bath-room ever gave a king such delight as I enjoyed in that wash-tub. I ought to mention that she told me I must put on the clothes she had provided for me. I looked for them, and there were none, excepting a full suit of woman's clothes. While I was hesitating what to do, I heard a little voice outside the door, 'Mammy says you must put on the things she put there, her own clothes; then the soldiers, if they should come, won't know you.' Much against my will, I put on the calico gown and its accompanying toggery. Soon after I was thus rigged out, the woman, — her name, by the way, was Keener, — she came in with a big pair of shears in her hand, and, putting a sheet round me, she clipped off my hair close to my head, and put on me the funniest old cap, with a wide border, just like those you have seen some of our Irish neighbors wear.

“‘You are a Pennsylvanian and a Union woman,’ said I, while she was performing the *barberous* operation. ‘Don't say that!’ she said, with a startled, terrified expression. ‘My husband has had to leave his little farm and go a-soldiering down to New Orleans. They somehow doubted whether he was true

to President Jefferson Davis, and sent him down South with some others that they thought were not quite right. I have nobody with me but little Annie, but the soldiers about here don't molest us. They sometimes come for a drink of milk, and I believe keep a watch over me, as if they thought I had Yankee blood in me.'

“When I went into the kitchen, I walked up to a small looking-glass, and almost killed myself with laughing. I was very weak, and really could not stop laughing. I never saw anything so ridiculous. I seemed so tall, too. Mrs. Keener's gown was just the right length, but fitted me as it might fit a rifle, I was so slim.

“Annie laughed, too, and even the good woman, anxious and troubled as she was, could not keep her countenance.

“‘I am sure the soldiers will hunt for you here,’ said she, ‘and you are so completely disguised they will never know you. But you must learn to knit.’

“‘Knit! I know how already; my mother taught me when I was a little boy, to keep me out of mischief.’

“Nothing is ever learnt in vain. She gave me a

coarse cotton stocking, and placed me in a rocking-chair by the fireside. I was too weary to knit, and soon fell asleep. I was aroused from a charming nap by Mrs. Keener, who whispered in my ear, 'The soldiers.'

" 'What of them?' I inquired, starting up.

" 'Keep your seat,' she said; 'shut up your eyes; can you knit without seeing?'

" 'I could once,' said I; 'and I can try.'

" 'On no account open your eyes.'

" By this time, the soldiers, three of them, were at the door, and loudly knocking.

" Mrs. Keener opened it, and they came in. I heard their rifles as they slammed them butt-end down on the floor. One of them said, 'We 're hunting a runaway.'

" 'What, a slave?' said Mrs. Keener.

" 'No, a prisoner, — a Yankee prisoner, who somehow got off last night. He 's a sharp 'un, a sailor-boy, who shot one of our men.'

" 'Will you have a drink of milk this morning?' asked Mrs. Keener.

" 'Yes, and some whiskey in it, woman,' replied the other.

" 'What queer body have you here?' said the first speaker.

" 'A poor friend of mine,' steadily replied she.

" 'Blind and dumb, too!' said the third, laying his hand on my shoulder.

" 'I thought I recognized the voice of the guard, and was sure of it, as he gave me a grip and said again, very expressively, 'Blind and dumb! that's worse than being small as Tom Thumb.'

" 'Then I knew this was my friendly guard, and was more assured.

" 'How can she knit, if she's blind?' said the other soldier. 'Let me look at your stocking,' and he pulled it out of my hand. 'Pretty well done; let me see you knit.'

" 'If it had not been for the guard who stood near me, I should not have been able to make the attempt. Though my hands trembled so that I could hardly hold the needles, I had succeeded in taking off two or three stitches, when Annie came in with the whiskey and milk, and the soldiers, having enjoyed the draught, took up their rifles, and, as they left, my Rebel friend said, 'Good by, Mrs. Keener, good by. What shall I call your blind friend?'

" 'Mrs. Keener did not happen to be quite ready with a name, so, as the other soldiers were outside the door, he, with a merry laugh, said, 'Good by, Mrs. Humbug.'

“Mrs. Keener was much alarmed lest he should betray me, and she would then have to suffer for it; but I assured her that I had no fear, for that soldier was my true friend.

“‘You did bravely, not to open your eyes,’ said she. ‘I don’t know how you could help it, when that soldier’s hand was on your shoulder.’

“‘I knew it was a friendly grasp; but when the knitting was taken from me and returned, I came near, very near, opening my eyes, and should have done so if the guard had not touched my foot with his as a hint.’

“Well, to make a long story shorter, I will pass over the three days I passed at that good woman’s house. By that time, I was thoroughly recruited, and my own garments (I had only two, such as they were, torn and filthy) had been thrown away. Mrs. Keener had no male clothing to give me. I was obliged to retain the disguise. I had nothing to give the poor woman; but if ever Virginia is restored to the Union, I will go to that place again, and she shall be well paid.”

“Indeed she shall!” exclaimed Mrs. Lockwell. “But now, Larry, you are tired, and we will wait for the rest of your narrative till another day.”

“How funny you must have looked, Larry!” said Blanche. “I hope you brought the woman’s cap home with you.”

“No; I left it with Mrs. Keener; changed it for quite as funny a sun-bonnet, made of pasteboard, and covered with dark blue gingham. If you think it worth while, you can send on to Mercy Brunt for it. She has it in Washington, — actually kept the bonnet as a memento of my departed womanhood. I felt anything but funny, as I walked off, tripping my feet at every step with the gown, which would, somehow, entangle them.”

“Come, come, Larry, you must rest now,” said the mother.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BAREFOOT TRAVELLING.

THE next morning, after breakfast was over, and the dining-room in order, Mrs. Lockwell and Blanche resumed their work, and Larry his story.

“Annie Keener was to lead me to the next town, so that if we met any of the soldiers, I was still to be the blind friend going home. Fortunately, however, we did not meet any of them, and I had the comfort of keeping my eyes open, and my ears too, for I was in constant dread of such a meeting. I thought my awkward way of managing my new clothing would certainly betray me. In addition to the sun-bonnet I have mentioned, I wore an old cotton shawl, which I fear the good woman could not very well spare. Annie chatted all the way along, as though she really enjoyed the walk, and when we came in sight of the town, we had walked four miles. The little girl then said, sorrowfully, she must leave me, and, as she did so, she held out a quarter of a dollar. I’ve

no doubt it was all the money the child had in the world. You see, I did meet with angels by the way, though I did not dream of them. I refused the quarter positively ; but Annie threw it on the ground, and scampered off at full speed towards home. Annie told me in confidence that she was a strong Union *man*, and she believed her mother was too, though her mother never said so. I don't doubt Mrs. Keener is a true Yankee, like many others, who are compelled to keep it to themselves.

“ When I entered what they called a town, I was surprised to find only a few houses, a tavern, a blacksmith's shop, and a country store ; but neither a church nor a school-house. There were a few old men lounging about, and plenty of idle boys, who saw something ridiculous in my appearance, and cried after me, ‘ What makes you look so slinky ? Here's some barrel-hoops for you.’

“ I hurried on as fast as my dress would allow, and they followed, throwing mud and stones at me, till I could bear it no longer ; then I took up stones and threw at them. One of the biggest of them cried out, ‘ She throws like a boy ’ ; then I threw no more, I assure you, but fled from the rascals, and was soon out of their reach, they standing

still and hooting after me, 'You'd do for a scarecrow.'

"When I was fairly out of the town, I sat down by the wayside and enjoyed a lunch of cold sausage and corn bread, which Mrs. Keener had put in my pocket. That sausage, mother,—I am sure we in Pennsylvania cannot make sausages so relishing, so perfectly delicious."

"Your appetite was keen," said Mrs. Lockwell, laughing.

"Indeed, mother, that Dixie sausage I shall never forget; it was most remarkable. I began to feel quite courageous after it, and started again on my journey, following a 'pike,' as they call a turnpike-road, not knowing where it would lead. I walked on and on till sunset, when I saw a fine house, about a quarter of a mile distant from the road, with a beautiful avenue of trees leading to the handsome mansion.

"I had heard much of Southern hospitality, and when I saw a gentleman sitting in the front piazza, quite forgetting my forlorn appearance, I approached, and was going to make a bow, when suddenly I remembered that it ought to be a courtesy; so I dropped down quite low, and humbly asked for shelter for the

night. The gentleman took his cigar from his mouth, and eyed me suspiciously ; then, pointing to the road, he said, ‘ Keep on your way there ; you ’ll come to a tavern after a mile or two.’

“ ‘ But I am very tired, and night is coming on ; can’t I sleep in some outhouse ? ’

“ ‘ Here, Patsy, drive away that white trash,’ said he to a negro woman who was just within the door.

“ A woman, wearing an enormous turban of many bright colors, came out with a long feather-brush in her hand, with which she had probably been driving flies from the tea-table.

“ Patsy came down the steps flourishing the brush, and began scolding me in her queer lingo, ‘ G’ way, aint you gwine,’ and seemingly in a great rage. So she drove me down to the great gate, all the way flourishing the brush over my head, and bawling after me, at the top of her voice, ‘ White trash, sure ’nough.’

“ As she let me out of the gate, she rolled her eyes in the most astonishing manner towards her master, and then towards me, grinning rather than laughing, though it was meant for a laugh, for there came a low yaw, yaw, yaw. Then she walked a few steps with me, till we came to a high stone wall. There

she stopped. ‘Now, poor young critter, you aint gwine no furdur dis night; you jis stay here, close by dis stone wall, till Patsy, that’s I, come for ye. Don’ ye be ’fraid; de good Lord, he take care of ye.

“So she left me, and went back to the house. I lay down by the stone-wall, and passed three mortal hours or more in a state of intense anxiety. While there, a troop of Rebel cavalry dashed by, and almost blinded me with the dust they raised, but no one saw me, rolled as I was close by the wall. The thin shawl I wore was but a poor protection from the coolness of the night, and I was shivering and in a sort of stupid doze, when the good negro-woman came cautiously out of the gate, and stole softly along by the stone-wall till she very nearly stepped on my head. I started up, and she said in a low voice, ‘O here ye be! Don’ ye speak a word, but come offer me.’

“I followed her as cautiously as she could desire to an outhouse or cabin, which was her own humble home, if home it might be called, where she slept and kept the few goods and chattels which she, a chattel herself, called her own.

“Patsy was a house servant, and her hut was tolerably comfortable. She asked me my name, and

I answered 'Laury,'—as near my own name as possible.

"She brought me a bowl of coffee and some biscuit. As I was taking this most acceptable supper, Patsy said, 'Take off' bonnet, Laury,' and before I had time to stop her, she untied it and took it off. She stared at me for a moment; the hut was dimly lighted with what they call a tallow dip, but it was light enough for the keen eyes of the woman, who exclaimed, 'She's a boy! she's a runaway white boy!'

"You know my hair had been cut close to my head. I said not a word, but put down the bowl of coffee, and began to cry like a baby.

"'Now don' ye cry; ye's a Yankee. I sure o' dat. Yankees be friends to poor niggers. I'se gwine to take care of ye; I reckon ye may trust Patsy, and ye must trust de good Lord too. Now take de coffee and de biscuit, and den sleep till I calls ye, while de birds are singing deir first mornin' song."

Then she left me, and I did sleep soundly till she awoke me at an early hour. She brought my breakfast, and would not take my poor quarter-dollar after all the trouble I had given her. I knew she would be punished severely if her master knew she had sheltered a Yankee, and said something about my

anxiety on her account. She simply told me she served ‘de good Lord,’ and what she had given me for supper and breakfast she had not taken from Massa; young Missy had given the ‘tings’ to her for herself.

“There now, did n’t I meet with another good angel; a pure Christian spirit, — a bright jewel in a dark casket?”

“A real black diamond!” said Blanche.

“On the strength of my good breakfast and comfortable night, I travelled all day without eating a morsel, and just as night was coming on I reached Fredericksburg. The town was full of Rebel soldiers; so for fear of them I crept into a stable and slept on the hay; and before it was light the next morning, I got out of the place as fast as I could, and made my way to the small town of Stafford. There I asked at a baker’s for a small loaf of bread, at the same time showing my money. He handed me a very small loaf, and took my quarter, but gave back no change. By this time, my poor old shoes were so worn out that they would no longer hold on my feet. I shall never forget the feelings I had when I threw those shoes away; it was like parting with the only friends I had left, for they came from my own

dear home. That was one of my hardest days. It had rained during the night, and my bare feet stuck at every step deep in the mud. The sensation of going barefoot was one of the most disagreeable that can be imagined. I never before had felt so utterly forlorn. My gown was flounced with mud, or rather had a border several inches deep. I did not wonder at the scornful looks that were bestowed upon me. One well-dressed young girl, as she passed me, said to her companion, ‘Does n’t she look like the *last of pea-time!*’ which, I suppose, must be a Virginia comparison. No one offered me either pity or insult that dreadful day, and I dragged myself on till I reached a small creek, and slept under a bridge.

“The next morning, a wagoner, who was going to Aquia Creek, took compassion on me, and carried me to that place, where he belonged. He was kind to me after a fashion. I told him I had friends in Washington, and must get to them. He gave me some coarse corn-bread for my supper when he fed his horses, and let me sleep in a hay-loft.

“In the morning, he took me to a kind of sheltered tiny bay, or bend in the creek, where there was a small schooner, and persuaded the Captain, who, I suspect, was some kind of a smuggler,—persuaded

him to land me somewhere near Alexandria. The schooner kept close by the land, and only sailed at night, so that we were many hours going from Aquia Creek to the place where I was landed. When I reached Alexandria, I did not know a person there, and feared, if I told my pitiful story to any one, I should not be believed; so I pushed on for Washington as fast as my tired limbs would carry me, determined to make myself known to the President or the Secretary of the Navy,—how, I could not tell. All this time I had not begged; whatever I received had been given; like the man in the Bible, to beg I was ashamed. I sat down very often during that day, but at last reached the long bridge, and went over it, leaving tracks of blood from my feet, as many a poor fellow has done before and since.

“Washington! Soldiers everywhere! Everybody strange! Nobody taking notice of the miserable beggar-girl! Hungry, cold, despairing at last; my courage had somehow kept up till then, but now it gave way. I could not make myself known to any person in such a disgraceful disguise, as it now seemed to me. Nobody would believe me. Utterly helpless and forlorn, I wandered on, shrinking from

observation, when suddenly I saw before me an angel of mercy,—another angel, Blanche,—the flesh-and-blood angel, Mercy Brunt. I laid my hand on her shoulder; she recoiled from it with a look of blank astonishment, which, for some reason I cannot explain, was exceedingly ludicrous, and I smiled for the first time in many weeks, and said Miss Mercy Brunt ought to know Master Lawrence Lockwell. The smile and the voice were familiar. You know the rest. Hurrah for Mercy Brunt! three cheers for Mercy Brunt!”

“My son!” exclaimed Mrs. Lockwell, with a violent effort to restrain her tears; “you have n’t expressed your gratitude to God for having brought you safely home at last, and for raising up those ministering angels for you in a time of need. I trust the severe trials through which you have passed will wean you from your love of the sea and of adventure.”

“They have not weaned me from my love of country any more than they have from my dear mother and my pleasant home. If they but make me wiser and better, you will be thankful for them. I am sure. I mean, with God’s help, to be a good sailor, and, in time, I trust, an honor to the navy.”

Mrs. Lockwell held up her hands in astonishment, and sighed deeply ; Blanche cried, “ Bravo ! I call that genuine pluck, — real John Bull pluck ! ”

“ Real Yankee pluck ! ” said Mr. Middlefield ; “ a thrifty shoot from the old Anglo-Saxon tree.”

CHAPTER XIX.

OFF, OFF AND AWAY.

LARRY had been home for a couple of weeks, when one clear, cold morning, Blanche said, "Fine skating on the pond to-day; are you well enough to try it, Larry?"

"That I am! I saw my skates yesterday, and will run and get them this very moment. You put on your wrappings, and we'll be off."

Half an hour after, they were keenly enjoying the enlivening exercise.

"Who taught you to skate, Blanche?"

"I taught myself, excepting one or two directions uncle gave me. He has been very kind to me, and several times has kept walking to and fro on the edge of the pond, while I was enjoying the fun. Do you know I think he is a real brick."

"Where did you pick up that slang expression, Blanche?"

"In England, to be sure. I have n't caught any Yankee slang yet, and trust I never shall."

"One kind of slang is just as good as another, for all I can see."

"It helps one when strong terms are needed, but I suppose you think it is n't lady-like. I am no milk-and-water girl, and like strong terms. If I were a man, I think I should swear."

"O Blanche, don't say that ; you shock me."

"I said it on purpose. Candidly, I admire the way you have kept yourself from swearing among sailors and all sorts of people."

They went home after a while, promising themselves the pleasure of skating again the next day.

On their return, Mr. Middlefield handed Larry the following letter from Captain Ringbolt :—

New York, January, 1862.

DEAR LARRY: I have been detained here longer than I expected. The delay has been unavoidable, yet these delays in army and navy operations are trying beyond all expression. If the epitaph on our country is to be written (which God forbid), it will be in two words, — *Too late*. But let us not yield to the weakness of despair. Hope gives courage, and

prompts to action. We must conquer, — we must put down this rebellion, — or we shall have no country; our nationality will be lost, and we shall become a byword to all other nations.

I shall be ready to sail in four days from this time, in command of the new iron-clad —, to which I have lately been appointed. Persuade your grandfather and your good mother to let you come to me again as my clerk. I need you, and before many months you shall have the warrant I have promised you. I will give you a state-room opening into my cabin.

I write in great haste, and depend upon seeing you on board the —, sea-chest and self in prime order, two days from the receipt of this. Be punctual.

With profound respect for the Hon. Mr. Middlefield, the true patriot, and kind regard to Mrs. Lockwell,

Your friend,

HECTOR RINGBOLT.

MR. LAWRENCE LOCKWELL.

Larry went to his mother with the letter. When she had read it, he was not surprised at the mournful expression of her countenance.

“Dear mother,” said he, “you have devoted me to the service of our country: do you repent the sacrifice? I have chosen the navy, and I must stick to my choice through thick and thin, fire and water, for better, for worse.”

The mother could make no reply, but a sorrowful shake of the head.

“Suppose everybody who has suffered in this war should give up,” continued Larry, “what would become of us? Soldiers and sailors all give up because we have now and then met with defeat, or been wounded and taken prisoners! Wouldn’t you call them arrant cowards? yes, indeed you would despise such detestable meanness. Don’t look so sorrowful, mother dear; you cannot think how it pains me to see you so reluctant to have me leave you again.”

“But, my precious, my only son, you came so near losing your life!” exclaimed Mrs. Lockwell.

“I did n’t lose it, mother, and the same kind Providence will, I trust, watch over me again. What says grandpa?”

“His pride as a man is gratified, and he consents to your going again; but my affection is stronger than my pride. He admires your heroism, and

looks forward to the time when you will distinguish yourself in the navy. I only see what you may suffer, and the awful probability of your losing your life."

"I might suffer by sickness at home ; I might fall into the skating-pond and be drowned ; I might be thrown from my horse and killed or lamed for life."

"My dear boy, must I yield ? It is like sacrificing the poor man's one ewe-lamb ! God help me !"

"He will, dear mother, he will. Trust me to his care and keeping."

Larry's preparations for departure were promptly made. It is needless to dwell upon the parting scene. It required all the boy's resolution to tear himself from his weeping mother. He need not have been ashamed of the tears that streamed down his own cheeks ; they were for her, and not for himself. It was no proof of want of manliness to weep at such a parting. Blanche kept herself out of sight ; but when Larry reached the gate, and turned for a last look, a white handkerchief was waved from an upper window.

Mr. Middlefield accompanied Larry as far as Philadelphia.

Larry reached New York before the vessel was ready to sail, and was warmly welcomed by Captain Ringbolt.

Larry was much pleased to find his shipmate, Tom Brunt. That good fellow had won the esteem of the Captain, and had been promoted from a common sailor to be a sergeant in the marines.

“Sealed orders,” said the Captain. “We shall not know our destination till we are under way and outside the Hook. I think, however, it is safe to say we shall soon be in a warmer latitude, and have warm work to do.”

LETTER FROM LARRY.

Steamer ———, Sandy Hook.

DEAR MOTHER: We are under way, steaming down the harbor, and as I may not have a chance to write to you again for some time to come, I must send you a line by the pilot.

The ——— is a fine steamer; but I am strongly attached to frigates, and like to go by the wind, like Tom Brunt, who, however, has become, so well reconciled to steam, that he is now on board. He is occupied just now, and cannot write to his sister, and wishes you to do him the favor of writing to Mercy,

to tell her how and where he is. I do not feel a single regret, dear mother, at having again ventured to sea. I know all the dangers now, and some of the suffering, that may be endured. The same dangers are encountered on the ocean by thousands and thousands who leave home for pleasure or for profit. Why, then, should not perils by sea be encountered by others where such vast interests are at stake as those now involved in this war for the Union?

But how absurd it is, my dear mother, for me to attempt to reason with you! It is hardly respectful. Forgive me. I trust you are now quite reconciled that I should peril life itself in such a cause. Wherever I may be, and under whatever circumstances, it is a sweet consolation to know that you constantly remember in your prayers your Larry.

P. S. Best love to grandpa and Blanche.

CHAPTER XX.

THE BYWORD.

Nothing had been heard from Larry in a long time, and May, with all its greenness and beauty, had once more clad the rejoicing earth.

"Blanche, what are you reading? You seem much interested," said Mrs. Lockwell, "and I see a smile on your face."

They were sitting together at a centre-table, with a bright lamp between them.

"I am reading an article in Fraser's Magazine, written by an Englishwoman. I will read out the passage that caused the smile. She says:—

"I know not whether the experience of a single traveller may be of much avail; but in these days, when so much blind prejudice is suffered to grow in England against the Northern Americans and in favor of the South, I would fain record the testimony of a woman, who, having travelled over a large part of Europe and the East, has, perhaps,

more opportunities than most men or women of judging of the standard of *courtesy* of different nations. The result of my experience has been this: If at any time I needed to find a gentleman who should aid me in any little difficulty of travel, or show me kindness, with that consideration for woman, *as a woman*, which is the true tone of manly courtesy, then I should desire to find a North American gentleman. And if I wished to find a lady who should join company for any voyage or excursion, and who should be sure to show unvarying good-temper, cheerfulness, and liberality, then I should wish for a North American lady. I do not speak of defects which English travellers often lay at the door of the whole nation, because they meet in Europe Americans of a social rank below any which attempts to travel and sit at tables-d'hôte of our own population. I speak of what a genuine Yankee is to a fellow-traveller, — to a lady without companion or escort, wealth or rank. They are simply the most kind and courteous of any people. Let Englishmen be pleased to run their prejudices where they like, it behooves at least an Englishwoman, whom they have never failed to treat with kindness, to speak of the ford as she found it.

“‘As to the Southern Americans, it must be confessed that their chivalry partakes a good deal too much of a quality which doubtless colored all the supposed romantic manners of the Middle Ages, and must reappear when society is divided between despots and serfs.

“‘I happened once to be dining alone at the convent at Ramleh, the Franciscan lay-brother and my Piedmontese dragoman conversing together meanwhile. The talk ran on the travellers to Palestine, and both agreed that the Americans were the most numerous of any, but singularly diverse in character. “Some of them,” said the monk, “are *buonissime gente*, but some others,—oh! they ordered me about, and never said a word of thanks, as if I were their servant.” “Worse than that,” said the Piedmontese, Abnego; “I twice served them as dragoman, and they treated me like a dog. I left them, though they paid me well; for I could not endure it. They came from the Southern States, where they have slaves.” “Ah! si!” said the Franciscan, “qu’est’orrible schiavitu!””

“What do you think of that, cousin?” exclaimed Blanche.

“I think there are gentlemen at the South as well

as at the North; but I take the testimony of your countrywoman to be candid and true."

"And so do I," warmly responded Blanche. "My Uncle Middlefield is a more perfect gentleman, according to my idea, than Uncle Mowbray, who is one of the proudest Englishmen in the world, and he despises a Yankee as he does a baboon. And you, cousin," continued Blanche, springing up and throwing her arms around the neck of Mrs. Lockwell, to the detriment of her nice linen collar, — "you, cousin, are the most complete lady I have ever seen, — excepting, always, old black Milly," she added, with a merry laugh.

"If it had n't been for that exception, your compliment would have been overpowering, as well as your embrace," said Mrs. Lockwell, joining in the laugh.

"Cousin, I did n't read what the Englishwoman said about some Southern ladies whom she met in travelling, because it reminded me so much of what I said about London and England when I first came to this country."

"What was it, Blanche?"

"They poured the Mississippi down the Englishwoman's throat. There was nothing on earth to

be compared to a Mississippi steamboat in splendor; the Nile was just like the Mississippi; Jerusalem was not near so fine as New Orleans. Even when they reached the River Jordan, and the English-woman's enthusiasm was raised to the highest pitch at the sight of the sacred old river, the Southern woman exclaimed, 'Interesting, isn't it, Miss C.? It reminds me so much, you can't think, of the Mississippi.' 'And so, from Elijah and the Baptist,' said Miss C., 'I was conveyed down a torrent of eloquence to New Orleans.'

"*Apropos* of New Orleans," exclaimed Mr. Middlefield, entering the room with a newspaper in his hand. "News, glorious news! The bombardment of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and their surrender."

"And do you think my Larry was there?" asked the agitated Mrs. Lockwell.

"I think there is no doubt of it," was the reply.

"Let me get an atlas, uncle, and see where these forts are, for I have n't the slightest notion of where the Mississippi is. I don't know anything about American geography."

While Blanche went for the atlas, Mr. Middlefield continued, "I have no doubt that Captain Ringbolt's vessel was one attached to the Gulf Squadron

that rendezvoused at Key West and Ship Island, and, my dear daughter, you must bear up bravely till you hear from Larry."

"Here is the grand Mississippi," said Blanche, as she returned with the atlas. "I don't wonder that those Southern women felt proud of it."

"But it don't belong to the South any more than to the North; you might as well talk of an artery as belonging to the heart, when it is sent over the whole body, and you might as well cut off that same artery as to cut off the Mississippi from the Northwestern States."

"Here are the forts, near the mouth of the river, or one of its mouths; now, uncle, please tell us something more about the bombardment."

"The bombardment lasted six days."

"Fearful!" exclaimed the mother, shuddering at the thought of her boy's danger.

"Uncle, I suppose you say, like old Caspar in the ballad, 'But it was a glorious victory!'"

"It was indeed! Captain Porter, from his mortar-fleet, rained upon those forts an awful storm of shells, and the enemy was at last obliged to surrender. Meantime, Farragut ran his fleet right between the forts."

“And we must wait ever so long, I suppose, before we can hear from our sailor-boy,” said Blanche.

“O here is something that may relate to Larry himself. It is an extract from a private letter from New Orleans in this corner of the paper :—

“ ‘ A gunner was shot down while firing one of the big guns on the steamer —; and a boy, not more than fourteen or fifteen years old, a gallant boy, actually took command of the gun, and that gun did execution, wonderful execution ; several men were shot down beside the boy, but he kept his place, and escaped without a wound.’ ”

“ Hurrah for Larry ! ” shouted Blanche ; “ just like him.”

Mrs. Lockwell was silent, but neither she nor the grandfather doubted that the boy was Larry, and the mother’s thanksgiving for his spared life was most heartfelt.

“ I hate those nasty Rebels ! ” exclaimed Blanche, striking her fist upon the table as violently as though the blow were intended for one of them.

“ Do not use that disagreeable word, Blanche ; it is too vulgar to come from a young girl’s mouth,” remonstrated Mr. Middlefield.

“ What, nasty ! It is a good English word, and

just fit to apply to those horrid traitors at the South that I used to think were such perfect gentlemen."

"It is not a word used among people of education and refinement," replied Mr. Middlefield, in his most dignified manner.

"I have heard it used by the best bred and best educated ladies and gentlemen in England, and I suppose it is universally acknowledged that the English are the most refined people on the face of the earth, and use the purest language."

Mr. Middlefield and Mrs. Lockwell were much amused by this assumption, and the latter replied, laughingly, "Blanche, don't forget Mississippi! Whenever you use braggadocio about England, I shall remind you of it by saying, 'Mississippi, Mississippi!'"

CHAPTER XXI.

THE WOUNDED SAILOR.

DAY after day passed, and no news came from Larry. Ah, how many hearts were wrung with anxiety for the absent ones! How many sought with half-blinded eyes among the lists of the killed and wounded for some beloved name, with a mortal dread of finding it there!

It was a bright morning in the middle of May. Blanche was at the gate, waiting for the morning paper, which was daily dropped there by the postman. As she looked intently down the road leading to Lancaster, she saw some one coming slowly, slowly on crutches,—some one in a sailor's blue. It must be Larry! Slowly and feebly he came forward, but Blanche was too anxious to stay at the gate, and ran forward to meet him.

A pale, thin face met her eye, but it was not Larry's.



“Poor fellow!” cried Blanche, “you’ve been wounded; where did you come from?” Page 165.

“Poor fellow!” cried Blanche, “you’ve been wounded. Where did you come from?”

“Straight from New Orleans!” was the reply.

“From New Orleans!” They were now at the gate. “Come in and rest yourself.”

“Thank you, Miss; I am rather tired, and should be glad to stop awhile.”

Blanche opened the gate for the stranger, and then ran to the house to say that a poor, wounded sailor, from New Orleans, was coming, and perhaps might tell them something about Larry. Mr. Middlefield and Mrs. Lockwell thought it very doubtful; but hastened to the door, there to meet Tom Brunt. Tom Brunt indeed, but alas! how changed from the hale, hearty fellow of other days. He stood, leaning on his crutches, but made out to touch his blue sailor-cap in the most respectful manner, and the first words he spoke were, “How’s sister Mercy?”

“Come in, come in, and we will tell you all about her,” said Mrs. Lockwell.

“Right glad to see you, Tom!” exclaimed Mr. Middlefield, with warmth, as he laid his hand on Tom’s shoulder.

Tom was placed on a sofa, and no questions asked, till Mrs. Lockwell had ordered some refreshments.

"I've got into a snug harbor," said Tom, while Blanche took his crutches and laid them aside, as tenderly as though they were wounded limbs. "I've got into a safe harbor, I say," continued Tom; "but I must go to my sister."

"Your sister is in a hospital at Washington, taking care of the sick and wounded soldiers," replied Mrs. Lockwell.

"Just like her! God bless her!" exclaimed Tom.

A black face, with a frizzle of gray hair around it, was thrust in at the parlor-door, and then a shout, "Lor' a' massy, it's our Tom," and then an apron was thrown over the gray head, and heart-breaking sobs followed.

"Milly, Milly, come, don't cry; I've come home alive, and I'm right glad to see you."

"Poor fellow, you ain't half alive. You're white as a sheet, and as slim as a bean-pole," sobbed out Milly, letting her apron fall, and looking at Tom with a most pitiful expression on her dark face.

"How came you here so soon, Milly?" asked Tom.

"I lives here now Missy Mercy's away; but I'll go right home and get ready for you to come, and I'll have your Sunday clothes all laid out for you."

"All right, Milly. I'll be coming along soon."

"But you have to go on all fours," said Milly, pointing to the crutches.

"Yes, just now ; but I have n't lost a leg, as many a better man has in this war."

"I'll go and cook up something for your dinner, may n't I, Missy Lockwell? He looks like a starved chicken."

"But here's a chicken that was n't starved, Milly," said Tom, as a servant brought in a tray, on which was a fried chicken and other things, for a nice breakfast.

Milly hastened to the brown cottage.

"You don't ask about Master Larry," said Tom, before tasting of the nice breakfast.

"Do you bring news of him?" timidly asked the mother.

"The best of news. I left him alive and flourishing."

"That is enough for the present," said Mr. Middlefield. "I will leave you to take breakfast, and come back to hear more."

Blanche seated herself by a window, and kept her eyes upon whatever met them without, from a delicate consideration for the awkwardness the sailor showed

about taking his breakfast before ladies. Mrs. Lockwell plied her needle as though it were a matter of the greatest consequence that the garment she was making should be finished immediately.

"You have reason to be very proud of Larry," said Tom, before he had half finished the bountiful meal.

"We can wait till you have done," said Mrs. Lockwell.

"I am as impatient to tell as you are to hear," said Tom. "Will Mr. Middlefield please to come in?" the sailor asked, after he had fully partaken of the relishing meal. "I am rested, and feel like another man. I said you had reason to be proud of Lawrence Lockwell, for everybody in our vessel was proud of him, from captain down to cabin-boy."

"There! I thought the boy mentioned in the paper in such flattering terms must have been our Larry. Go on, Tom," said the grandfather.

"You've read all about the taking of the Forts Jackson, St. Philip, and the rest of them?"

"Yes, yes; but we want to hear more about them from one who was in the action," said Mr. Middlefield.

"It lasted six days, the bombardment did, — and

such a bombardment ! it seems to be still roaring in my ears. You know Captain David D. Porter, as brave a man as ever breathed, had command of the mortar fleet. The Rebels fired into that fleet for six days, almost continually ; but the mortars gave back more shells than the Rebels sent, — poured it in like hail ; but Porter could n't make the Rebels give up the forts. So our brave Commodore Farragut determined to drive our seventeen or eighteen vessels right by them forts. And he did it, while Porter let them have shells all the while, just to make a diversion till we in the other fleet got safely by the forts. You know that the Forts Jackson and St. Philip did after a while surrender to Captain Porter. I was n't there at the time. I'll tell you where I was, Larry and I. Our vessel steered right up stream, and when we got near them two forts, I tell you they sent their shot at us, and hit us from stem to stern. You know, sir, I belong to the marines, and had command of a gun. My powder-boy was knocked over early in the action, and Larry was allowed to take his place. He told the Captain he must have something to do. The ram *Manassas* and the twenty-gun iron battery bore down upon us. 'Larry,' said I, 'we've got hot work before us.' 'Yes,' said he, 'fire away.' They tried to

but us with the ram ; but we got clear of it, and sunk three of their small steamers. Ah, sir, then it was that we saw the *Varuna*, with that brave officer, Captain Boggs, commanding. Did n't he fight like a bull-dog? Two of them horrid rams were at the *Varuna* at the same time, one at her bow, and the other struck her in the port gangway. It was as much as we could do to hold our own, or we should have gone to her aid. The *Varuna* dragged the iron-clad round, and then, while close to the creature, gave her some shells, that settled the matter for her. We saw the Rebel vessel go ashore all of a blaze. The *Varuna* began to sink ; but Captain Boggs got her near the shore, and tied her to a tree ; but she went down, and the last that was seen of her was her topgallantmast, just above water.

“ I did n't see the whole of this, for I had enough to do where I was ; for, after a while, the Rebels tried to board us, and it was as much as we could do to keep them off,—three of them at once. About this time, two of the men at my gun (you know I was captain of the gun),—two of my men were killed ; and I got this wound in my neck from a piece of shell, and then I was knocked down

by another, that tore off the calf of my leg. I was carried below, and the surgeon sewed up the wound in my neck, and did up my leg first-rate. As soon as I could, I crawled on deck, and there was Larry in command of my gun,—firing away, as if he had been a marine all his life,—as cool as a cucumber. He's fit for an admiral, or will be, when he's old enough.

“I have n't given you a very ship-shape account; but you will understand how we destroyed a whole fleet of Rebel steamers, rams, and iron-clads. While Captain Porter was with some of the Rebel officers on board the *Harriet Lane*, and flags of truce flying on three of our steamers, the Rebels set fire to the *Louisiana*, and sent her down stream, expecting her to blow up the greater part of our fleet. The guns were shotted, and kept going off, and, finally, she exploded with a thundering noise. We heard it, without knowing, at the time, what it was; for we, you know, were fighting our way up to Orleans.

“I must tell you one thing more. In the midst of the firing, at one time, it was necessary to send a message to another steamer, about half a mile distant. Larry offered to go with the message, and our Captain consented, rather against his own will. So

a boat was manned with four sailors, and Larry stood up in the boat, holding the flag with the stars and stripes. You ought to have seen how cheerful he looked, and how beautiful. Why, you might have thought he was going to a wedding. Shot and shell fell all round him; but he did n't mind them any more than if they'd been snow-balls. He got back safe and sound. Now, I've told my story, and must go to my home."

"But tell us how you came home."

"I was among the wounded who came in the vessel with Captain Bailey. I thank you all for listening so kindly to my poor way of telling a yarn. Good day, ladies, — good day, Mr. Middlefield. O, I must tell you that Larry was as kind to me as if I had been his own brother. He looked after me every day, for I was obliged to give up entirely, my wounds got so bad. It was through him that I got a chance to come home. Just as I was coming off I saw Larry; he gave my hand a squeeze, and said one word, 'Mother,' then he kinder choked up, and he could n't say any more. He's but a boy yet, for all he's so brave and cute. When he let go my hand, he left in it this big gold piece, — this American eagle."

Tom tossed up the precious piece, and caught it, saying, "I mean to keep it as long as I live," and then hobbled off.

As soon as he had left the room, Blanche said, "That reminds me of the British sailor our poet Campbell has so beautifully described. He was taken prisoner by the French, and built a miserable little boat to go across the Straits of Dover, to dear England. The sailor was brought before Bonaparte, who questioned him, and suggested that he wished to go home to his sweetheart.

" 'I have no sweetheart,' said the lad,
 ' But absent long from one another,
Great was the longing that I had
 To see my mother! '

" 'And so thou shalt,' Napoleon said;
 ' You 've both my favor won;
A noble mother must have bred
 So brave a son.'

" He gave the tar a piece of gold,
 And with a flag of truce commanded
He should be shipped to England old,
 And safely landed.

" Our sailor oft could scarcely shift
 To find a dinner plain and hearty.
But never changed the coin and gift
 Of Bonaparte."

Mrs. Lockwell could not find it in her heart to say "Mississippi" to Blanche this time ; besides, the association was natural and almost unavoidable. The mischievous girl, with an arch look at her cousin, shouted, " Mississippi, Mississippi ! "

Tom, not understanding the meaning of the shout, as he was about to put his blue cap on his head, swung it round, and in his turn shouted, " Our Mississippi and our Union forever ! "

CHAPTER XXII.

NEW ORLEANS.

LETTER FROM LARRY TO MR. MIDDLEFIELD.

New Orleans, April 30, 1862.

DEAR GRANDPA: The 8th of January is outdone! General Jackson defended New Orleans, and saved it from the paw of the British Lion, but Farragut and Porter have snatched it from the Southern rattlesnake, and Butler will keep it!

You have probably heard before this of the terrific bombardment from our fleets, and the taking of Forts Jackson, St. Philip, Livingston, and Pike, all the batteries below and above New Orleans, and the total destruction of the enemy's gunboats, steam-rams, floating-batteries, fire-rafts, obstructions, booms, and chains,—everything that the enemy had constructed to defend the city,—and here we are. Glorious! isn't it?

Through the good providence of God, we have triumphed in a just cause, and I trust I am truly

grateful, especially as I have escaped without the slightest wound. My escape, however, was marvellous, for before I had anything special to do, early in the action, I went up to the main-top, when we were near the bank, and first one bullet went through the left sleeve of my jacket, and then another through the jacket itself by my right side. The coxswain ordered me down forthwith.

When we were quite near the city, our Commodore sent a very polite note to Mayor Monroe to surrender, for he didn't wish to fire on helpless women and children or peaceable citizens. The Commodore said they must pull down their false Confederate flag, and run up the true-blue Stars and Stripes, and they must do it before noon, or risk the consequences. What else could the Mayor do but surrender, for General Lovell, who was its defender, had evacuated it with his troops?

As soon as the Mayor's answer was received, surrendering the city, Commodore Farragut sent Captain Morris to hoist our flag on the New Orleans Mint, and when the old Union flag, that we all love so dearly, threw out its *thirty-four* stars to the gazers' eyes, there went up cheers long and loud. The 26th of April is a day to be marked as a grand one in American history.

At eleven o'clock that day, a signal was made to the fleet for divine service. As you may not have seen Commodore Farragut's order on that occasion, I will copy it, just as it was sent to our steamer.

“ United States Flag-Ship *Hartford*,
Off the City of New Orleans, April 26, 1862.

(GENERAL ORDER.)

“ Eleven o'clock this morning is the hour appointed for all the officers and crews of the fleet to return thanks to Almighty God, for his great goodness and mercy in permitting us to pass through the events of the last two days with so little loss of life and blood. At that hour the church pennant will be hoisted on every vessel of the fleet ; and their crews assembled will, in humiliation and prayer, make their acknowledgments therefor, to the Great Dispenser of all human events.

“ D. G. FARRAGUT,
Flag Officer Western Gulf
Blockading Squadron.”

“ Isn't that sublime ? ” said my Captain, when he read the order. “ Not a word of triumph ! Humiliation and prayer ! Thanksgiving for our spared lives ! Larry, my boy,” he continued, “ though I have said not a word to you till now about your own

conduct during these many days, you may be sure it has not been unnoticed, and shall be mentioned when it will be of service to you."

I thanked him, and could n't help saying that I tried to follow the example of my Captain, for indeed he had managed our vessel with wonderful skill and courage. I hope Tom Brunt has told you all about it.

My dear mother would have been tenderly moved could she have heard the services on board our vessels. Officers and crews were assembled, and there went up, as incense to Heaven, the prayers and praises of thousands of grateful hearts.

With best love to her, and to Blanche, I am, my dear grandfather, your own

LARRY.

P. S. I shall write again very soon.

"The boy does not boast of his own daring deeds. He seems as modest as he is brave," remarked the grandfather. "We must have his frigate Constitution handsomely mounted and placed on a bracket in the parlor. It was an early indication of his taste for a seafaring life."

"Napoleon, no doubt, had cannons for playthings

when he was a boy. I wish I had not indulged my Larry in his fancy for ships; we ought to watch these early tendencies, that we may change them," said Mrs. Lockwell.

"No, my daughter; varieties in tastes and tendencies are wisely ordered, and we must not go against them, unless they tend to evil. No boy should follow the example of Larry, unless he is sure of possessing the qualifications for a steady, faithful, courageous sailor."

"I would bet a guinea that our Nelson was a sailor in fancy by the time he was four years old; and our Wellington was a soldier, with a sword by his side, when he was not more than five."

"Ah, Blanche! —"

"Please, cousin," interrupted Blanche, "do not throw that word at me; I am too much interested in that splendid river to hear it named as a byword."

CHAPTER XXIII.

FARRAGUT AND PORTER.

WORN out by constant care, and watching day and night by the sick and dying soldiers, Mercy Brunt was obliged to return home.

It was well that Tom had rapidly recovered, for now his sister needed the most tender nursing. Mrs. Lockwell and Blanche by turns assisted Milly in that task.

Mrs. Lockwell was sitting with Mercy one morning in the early part of June, — lovely, “leafy June,” — and Tom was enjoying the fragrant air in an arm-chair by the cottage door.

Milly was weeding in the small garden in front of the cottage, among Mercy’s flowers.

“It’s perfectly ’stonishing how that furren gal has changed sin’ she’s been here. She was so all-fired proud at fust, and sassy too; now, she’s as gentle as a lamb with our Marcy, and as good a muss as Missy Lockwell, and most as good as I be.”

“You have a good opinion of yourself,” said Tom, laughing.

“I has a right to it when I talks of nussin’. That word nussin’ makes me think of cussin’; and Rebble allus makes me think of Debble!”

“I am sorry, Milly, that such bad words come into your head.”

“Well, Massa Tom, I puts ’em out quick as I can, but the Debble tempts me to cuss them Southern Rebbles. I knows ’em, I knows ’em!”

“But we should not curse any one; the Good Book forbids it.”

“It’s drefful hard to get rid of old ways; when I was a little pickaninny, my old massa made me swear, ’cause he said it sounded so funny. You know I was a born slave, and heard awful cussin’ and swearin’ down South.”

“That’s no reason why you should do so wickedly now, when you hear nothing of that sort.”

“It’s old Milly’s temptation, Massa Tom. I’s tryin’ to be a Christian, but it’s drefful hard work to lub my enemies.”

“It is, indeed, Milly; but we can try not to hate them. I am sorry for them. Yes, Milly, I pity the Rebels, and glad enough I should be for peace, if we

could have it ; but I see, as plain as you see that weed you are rooting out, that we can't have it till they are conquered. Suppose you should let all them weeds grow, what would become of your garden ? ”

“ Come of it ! why, Massa Tom, we should n't have no garden ; they'd root out ebbryting, I've got to fight 'em out just as you do the Rebbles.”

“ You don't hate the weeds, Milly, though you're obliged to root them out to save your garden ; so we've got to conquer the Rebels, or be conquered by them.”

“ I does hate the weeds, and I does hate the Rebbles like pison ! ” exclaimed Milly, giving a stout pull at a burdock-root.

“ No, Milly, you must n't hate them ; you must pray for them, that they may see the error of their ways, their awful sin in bringing all this evil on our country. My sister Mercy has been just as kind to the wounded Rebels in the hospitals as to our own men.”

“ I knows it ; she's the Christianest woman in this world, and would if she died go straight up to the New Jerusalem ; but she ain't gwine to die this time ; she's powerful better to-day. But there comes that English gal, liekety spiek.”

There indeed was Blanche, quite out of breath with her rapid flight from Chestnut Hill to the brown cottage.

“Where is Mrs. Lockwell?” she cried; “here is a letter from my cousin Larry.”

Mrs. Lockwell heard the words, and hastened to meet Blanche, saying Mercy was so much better that she did not need any one with her that morning; and telling Tom he should have the news from Larry when she had read the letter, she hastened home, and called her father to hear

LARRY'S LETTER.

New Orleans, May 4, 1862.

MY OWN DEAR MOTHER: I have so much to tell you, and so short a time before the mail closes, that I scarcely know where to begin.

We have had a glorious May-day. General Butler issued his proclamation to the people of this city on that day. He is a strong man, an earnest patriot, and will protect the citizens in all their rights.

There we were on the first of May, walking the streets of New Orleans, treading on burnt cotton. They burnt King Cotton. Is it an omen of the final destruction of Cotton-power? Who knows!

This is a fine city, but not half as handsome as Philadelphia, nor half as large as New York ; but Captain Ringbolt says, as the second commercial city in the Union, it is of vast importance.

The St. Charles is a magnificent hotel, and General Butler will make it his head-quarters.

Heaps of oranges are piled up in the streets,—delicious oranges ; we have no idea at home how luscious the oranges and other Southern fruits are when gathered ripe from the trees.

I wish you, mother dear, and Blanche, could see the magnificent magnolias and the splendid live-oaks, with their drapery of moss. The flowers, too, would enchant you.

As for the inhabitants, they are yet rather turbulent. They remind me of the waves of the sea after a storm. You know the waves continue to dash and foam after the gale is past.

There is occasionally an outbreak here, but it does not amount to much, and is soon put down by the energy of General Butler. All well-disposed persons are protected by our army.

As I was passing along near the Custom-House, on the top of which the Union flag is floating triumphantly, I came upon a crowd of people who were

hooting, and threatening to tear down the Stars and Stripes. Above their hooting and yelling, I heard drums beating, and soon a company of soldiers were marching, to the tune of Yankee Doodle, right up to the crowd, with fixed bayonets! The mob soon dispersed. I believe no one was killed, but several may have been slightly wounded.

Among this crowd were a number of women, hooting and jeering as loudly as the men.

As I stood at a short distance, looking on, one of these women threw a rotten orange at my face. I caught the dirty missile in my hand, and as it crushed it splattered in the face of another woman, who was standing quite near me. She gave me a smart blow on the back, and swore at me like a trooper. They were both well dressed, though in a very showy style.

I was walking another time, with a tall, handsome midshipman, and we met two of these New Orleans *ladies* (?), and, it is too bad to tell, these *ladies*, as if they had agreed upon it beforehand, *spit, spat, spit*, in the midshipman's face, or rather attempted to do so, but, happening to raise his handkerchief at the moment, it received the contents from their delicate mouths. "Just what I should have ex-

pected from your ugly looks," said he, throwing away the handkerchief.

They are not all of this stamp ; I saw two very pretty girls waving their handkerchiefs at our flag with real enthusiasm. While they were thus waving them, a rough-looking woman came along, snatched one of the handkerchiefs, and tore it to pieces, and then, stamping it under her feet, swore at those pretty girls till they were glad to hurry away.

The ladies wave secession flags from their windows ; they pour water on the heads of our soldiers as they pass ; they parade their secession badges in the most conspicuous places, even upon their bonnets. My dear mother, did you ever hear of such women, excepting the French Poissardes ? They are so provoking that one almost forgets they are women, and yet they pretend to be ladies. They ought to be punished severely. If they only behave themselves, they will be protected and treated like ladies.

I have just heard that Commodore Farragut is going farther up the Mississippi, and our steamer is to be one of the fleet. So that I cannot write much more.

Please remember me kindly and gratefully to good Mercy Brunt, and affectionately to Tom ; I

am strongly attached to that noble sailor. He is a true Christian, and his consistent example has had great influence on board our vessel. I hope he is by this time with you. I have no doubt you will pay him the kindest attention. I shall never forget how very much I am indebted to him and to his excellent sister.

Do Blanche's English prejudices subside? Is she still swayed secessionward? I have copied some doggerel for her on the taking of New Orleans.

I am afraid grandpa will not remember the original ballad of which it is a parody, and perhaps he will think it silly; but it amused me, and I think it will amuse Blanche, who sings the old ballad of "Lord Lovell and Miss Nancy." Please tell her the Lord Lovell in this ballad is the General Lovell who was to have defended New Orleans.

"Lord Lovell he sat in St. Charles Hotel,
In St. Charles Hotel sat he;
As fine a case of a Rebel swell
As ever you 'd wish to see, — see, — see.

"Lord Lovell the town had vowed to defend,
A-waving his sword on high;
He swore that his last ounce of lead he 'd spend,
And in the last ditch he 'd die.

“ He swore by black, and he swore by blue,
He swore by the stars and bars,
That never he 'd fly from a Yankee crew,
While he was a son of Mars.

“ He had forts that no Yankee alive could take,
He had iron-clad boats a score;
And batteries all around the lake,
And along the river shore.

“ Sir Farragut came with a mighty fleet,
With a mighty fleet came he,
And Lord Lovell instanter began to retreat
Before the first boat he could see.

“ ‘ O, tarry, Lord Lovell,’ Sir Farragut said,
O, tarry, Lord Lovell,’ said he;
‘ I rather think uot,’ Lord Lovell replied,
For I 'm in a great hurry!

“ ‘ I like the drinks at St. Charles Hotel,
But I never could bear *strong Porter*,
Especially when its served in a shell,
Or mixed in an iron mortar.’

“ ‘ I reckon you 're right,’ Sir Farragut said,
‘ I reckon you 're right,’ said he,
‘ For if my Porter should fly at your head,
A terrible smash there 'd be.’

“ O, a wonder it was to see them run,
A wonderful thing to see;
And the Yankees sailed near, without firing a gun,
And captured the great city.

“ Lord Lovell kept running all day and all night,
Lord Lovell a-running kept he;
For the world he could n't abide the sight
Of the gun of a live Yankee.

“ When Lord Lovell's life was brought to a close,
By a sharp-shooting Yankee gunner,
From his head there sprouted a red, red nose,
From his feet, — a *scarlet runner*.”

I can't say much for the measure and rhythm of the ballad. I suppose the occasion warranted unlimited poetical license. I am afraid, my dear mother, you will think me very trifling after the serious and dreadful affairs of the last weeks; but indeed we cannot but feel exultation and exhilaration at our success. It is a great conquest, and one of the most brilliant achievements of our navy.

I fancy I hear Blanche say, “ Nelson and Trafalgar! England expects every man to do his duty!”

Just so; our country, the faithful and true United States, expects every man, woman, and child to do their duty, — sailor, soldier, and citizen.

Is it not delightful, my dear mother, that we have now direct open mail communication with our friends at the North?

That reminds me that it is time for my letter to be posted, and to say farewell.

With devoted attachment, your

LARRY.

“Please lend me the letter,” said Blanche, as soon as Mrs Lockwell had read it out to her and to Mr. Middlefield.

Blanche seated herself at the piano, and sang the new ballad of Lord Lovell with such ludicrous expression that Mr. Middlefield laughed heartily, and even Mrs. Lockwell was compelled to join in the merriment.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP.

Two months passed on, and nothing more was heard from Larry.

It was the Fourth of July. Mr. Middlefield had a large Union flag floating on the top of his house, and a number of his neighbors were assembled on the lawn, and were forming a procession.

What could it mean?

A company of soldiers, fully equipped, were in marching order on the road in front of the house. Tom Brunt, no longer needing crutches, was acting as drummer.

Soon Mr. Middlefield appeared, and, having been joined by the clergyman of the village, headed the procession. They walked down the broad path of the lawn to the road; then the company of soldiers marched in front, to the tune of "Hail Columbia." Mr. Middlefield's carriage then drove up to the

door, and Mrs. Lockwell and Blanche stepped in and took their seats.

Just as the coachman was about to close the door, some one sprang at a bound into the carriage, — a midshipman, in bright, new uniform, “blue and gold.”

“Larry! Larry!” exclaimed Mrs. Lockwell, throwing her arms about the neck of her sailor-boy.

“Larry! Larry!” shrieked Blanche, “you frightened me half out of my wits; I thought it a Rebel raid! How tall you are!”

“Good! I’ve taken you by surprise. But, what does all this parade mean?”

“It is Independence Day, and your grandfather is going to deliver an oration at Penn Hall, in the village,” replied Mrs. Lockwell.

“Grandpa a Fourth of July orator! That is too funny. And you, Blanche, going to hear the Declaration of Independence; how your British blood will boil!”

“Ah! I am the Yankee-est of Yankees now; and glory in my adopted country,” said Blanche, warmly and earnestly.

“You wonder, Larry, at my father’s coming out

on this occasion, when he has n't spoken in public since he was in Congress; but those speak now who always speak, and those too who never spoke before. But how came you home and into the house, my son, without being observed?"

"Seeing a crowd in front, I stole around to the back door, and came through the hall to the front door just as you got into the carriage."

All this time the carriage had kept its station, and Blanche, laughing, said, "I thought we were going to hear the Oration."

"And so we are; Larry, tell James to drive on. We shall be there quite in time."

On the way, Larry had to tell how Captain Ringbolt obtained the midshipman's warrant for him, and to relate his adventures on the journey home. He said he had leave of absence for only two weeks, and then he should return to the same steamer, the —, that had become so famous.

"But here we are at Penn Hall," said Mrs. Lockwell. "I hope they will not make a fuss when we go in."

They were shown to reserved seats on one side of the platform. The orator of the day was engaged in conversation with the clergyman, and did not notice

the entrance of the party from Chestnut Hill, though there was a stir and a loud whispering among the audience.

After a prayer from the clergyman, and the reading of the Declaration of Independence, Mr. Middlefield delivered an eloquent oration, intensely patriotic, which was greeted with enthusiastic cheers.

No sooner was the orator seated than some one in the crowd called out, "Midshipman Lawrence Lockwell, to the platform!"

"Lawrence Lockwell, Lawrence Lockwell!" shouted the men; "Larry, Larry!" shrieked the boys; and Tom Brunt, not knowing how to express his delight, beat his drum furiously.

The grandfather turned his eyes to the spot where all eyes were directed, and there stood Larry, his fine face glowing with emotion, waving his gold-banded cap towards the audience.

"The platform! the platform!" shouted the crowd; and Larry was borne along without his will to the platform. He sprang lightly up the steps, and bowed to the orator of the day, who stood up to receive him. But Larry's feelings overcame him; he flung down his cap, and, throwing his arms around his grandfather's neck, gave him a hearty kiss.

Touched by this natural act, the audience cheered vociferously, and Tom Brunt beat "Yankee Doodle" with all his might.

When the noise had subsided, Larry surveyed the audience, recognizing many familiar faces, and bowing gracefully said :

"My friends, I am no orator, as my grandfather is ; but, as an officer of the navy, I am pledged to defend our country, and to fight her battles."

Cheers, cheers ! Deafening applause !

"I can't make a speech ; I will only offer you a sentiment, — The Union, the whole Union, North, South, East, and West ; we are in an awful storm, but 'Don't give up the ship!'"

THE END.

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